

# Zion's Herald.

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NUMBER 1.

## THE OLD YEAR'S LEGACY.

BY EREN E. HENFORD.

There's a shadow on the threshold,  
Death's at the open door,  
And the Old Year waits beside him  
Till a baby's life is o'er.

"I will bear this child to heaven,"  
He says to the specter grim;  
"And God will know by the token  
How true I have been to Him."

"For I think in earth or heaven  
There is nothing so pure and fair  
As the soul of a child, ere the shadow  
Of sin has fallen there."

The baby cries, in the midnight,  
For the arms he misses so—  
The arms that were warm and loving  
As the heart that beats below.

The babe on his father's bosom  
Puts out his little hands,  
And what they are reaching after,  
The father understands.

"Yes, mother is coming, darling,"  
He whispers through his tears,  
As he thinks of a lonely heartstone  
And the future's loneliness years.

There's another step on the threshold,  
But 'tis not the step of death;  
A cry of joy and of sorrow,  
With a sob in every breath.

"My baby!" the mother utters  
In this yearning, hungry love  
That I think the eyes of the angels  
Grow dim with tears above.

She reaches her arms to the father  
With such pleading in her eyes,  
That he lays upon her bosom  
This flower of Paradise.

Oh, the rapture that comes o'er her  
When she feels her baby's head  
On her heart, and rains swift kisses  
On the cheeks whose roses have fled!

The eyes of the child are lifted  
To the mother face again,  
And he whispers her name so gladly  
That her cheeks are wet with rain.

The strong man's eyes are blinded  
With the tears he cannot hide  
At the sight of his dear child's mother  
With her face all glorified.

Death crosses the threshold softly;  
He cannot longer wait,  
For the angels at the midnight  
Will close the heavenly gate.

The Old Year comes to the father  
And whispers to his heart:  
"With the child I bear to heaven,  
Let all bitter thoughts depart."

"By your love for this child, I pray you,  
Let strife and discord cease;  
Let me go and leave behind me  
A legacy of peace."

"Let this little one tell to the angels,  
When he meets them, up above,  
That the last act of the Old Year  
Was to plead for human love."

There is deep and holy silence  
As Death at the midnight hour,  
Gathers, for God's fair garden,  
Another earthly flower.

She clasps her babe to her bosom,  
And a long, last kiss is given;  
Then the Old Year, smiling softly,  
Bears back the child to heaven.

The father's voice is broken  
As he kneels beside the dead,  
And lays his hands in pleading  
On the shining little head.

"Forgive me!" he cries. "You loved him  
As only mothers may.  
I kept him from your bosom,  
But I give him back to-day."

"Forgive!" . . . And she answers softly,  
As if she fears to break  
The rest of the little sleeper,  
"Believe me, for his sake, —"

"I loved you, O my husband!  
In thought and deed I was true.  
Here, o'er our dead child, Philip,  
I speak the truth to you."

The pen of the record angel  
Seems dipped in sunset gold  
As he writes in the book of heaven  
What a little child has told.

The story of love's sweet triumph;  
And the angels smile to hear  
Of the peace that was left behind him  
As the last gift of the year.

## AN OXONIAN RESET BY BUSHMEN.

BY REV. DANIEL WISE, D. D.

SECOND PAPER.

On one occasion our unfortunate University shepherd had a very narrow escape from death at the hands of the blacks or native savages. He happened to be in a part of the country where they were quite numerous and somewhat dangerous. He knew this, but being tired of tramping, he hired himself to a squatter who, in view of the disposition of the blacks and the great size of the sheep-run, furnished him with a horse, a sheep dog, and a rifle.

During the first two weeks he saw no signs of the blacks, and became so careless as to leave his rifle in the hut and to turn his horse out in the pasture land. Then the overseer met him afoot and unarmed. With a look of surprise and a tone of exhortation, he exclaimed: "What, out without your rifle? Perhaps you don't know that the blacks have been troublesome again. They killed a

shepherd for us last week. I advise you to keep a sharp lookout."

The scholarly shepherd promised, and went back to his hut for his rifle. The next day about eleven o'clock, the sheep camped in the shade, as was their wont, and he stretched himself out beneath the branches of a tree for a nap. The dog was at his side and his horse hobbled and grazing a little way off. The grass, tall as a man's head, grew round him in thick, wavy tufts.

Presently the dog became uneasy, whined, drew close up to him, and gave a low growl. The scholar still inclined to sleep, but the dog gave a loud, angry bark which brought his master to his feet. The dog stood growling low with ears and hair erect. The scholar grasped his rifle, caught and mounted his horse, but forgetting, in his haste and alarm, to remove the hobbles. Before he had time to dismount and correct this blunder, he noticed the violent agitation of a large tuft of grass. He fired into it instantly. A black figure bounded from it into the air and fell. Immediately all the grass around was violently agitated as if swept by a mighty storm. The dog started forward and began to hoarsely wailing something. Meanwhile our shepherd reloaded his rifle, dismounted, and followed the dog, which he found growling and barking round a tall, nude black fellow who was hideously bedaubed with stains of brown and red earth. His spear and "nullah nullah" — a thick, pear-shaped club — lay near him. The wretched creature, bleeding from a wound just above the hips through which the shot had passed, lifted up his hands and shrieked. The Oxonian, believing him to be mortally wounded, and looking upon him rather as a brute than a man, shot him through the head. The other blacks with their usual cowardly fear of the white man's rifle, had run away. Our scholarly shepherd justified the killing of the wounded one, partly on the ground that it was merciful to put the bleeding wretch out of his misery; chiefly on the plea, popular with the Queenslanders, that the blacks have no human rights which a Briton is bound to respect. This plea is, no doubt, good in Queensland. Will it be accepted in the court of heaven?

While on a long tramp to the south of the colony, this wandering Oxonian fell in one day with a sturdy Frenchman and his poor little wife. This unhappy pair had already walked a hundred and fifty miles when our adventurer joined them. They had been prospecting for gold, and were returning disappointed and empty-handed from the gold-digging region. At a ford in the river Bowen, where our hero met them, the tall, broad-shouldered Frenchman took his wee little wife on his back and bore her safely across the foaming current.

This French gold-seeker was a merry, intelligent fellow and did his best to beguile their weary tramp with story and laughter. His wife made no complaint, but it was easy to perceive that her suffering from fatigue and from raging thirst was very severe. She frequently sat down to rest, and constantly lagged behind. But there was no stopping place within twenty miles, which they accomplished by night fall. The next day's march was equally long. It did not end at a station, but at some bullock-driver's camp upon which they very fortunately lighted.

The drivers informed our adventurer that hands were needed at a new station beyond a river which flowed near their camp. Hoping to get employment, he ventured across the rapidly-flowing stream, found the station, but could get no employment. On his return the foaming current swept him from his feet and whirled him away like a straw into deep water. He was self-possessed enough not to fight the stream, but to float with it past the limbs of overhanging trees which would have broken his skull if he had not avoided them. Presently he was borne into a bend in the bank where the stream was less swift and turbulent. Seeing the bough of a shrub within reach, he grasped it with the energy of a man seizing his last chance for life. With a great effort, he drew himself up, crawled ashore, but was so exhausted that he lay helpless on the ground for some time. He had been in the very jaws of death.

The next morning found the Frenchman's wife with a swelling in her throat and so footsore and exhausted that it was exceedingly difficult for her to continue walking. Still, as there was no stopping place within twenty miles of the drivers' camp, she dragged herself along through another weary day. Her anguish must have been terrible, for it was her last tramp. The next morning she was unable to quit her miserable bed. Our graduate pursued his way alone; but heard subsequently that the unfortunate creature died that day! Literally, that quiet, uncomplaining woman had walked herself to death!

## NEW YEAR'S VOWS.

BY MISS M. E. WINSLOW.

The old year was closing in gloom. The early gray sunset had given place to a stormy night; the snow fell in gusts and eddies, not quietly and gently as a soft blanket upon the earth, and the wind howled in fitful wails, as though it were indeed the voices of the departing months, each sending forth its separate death-cry.

Edna Lewis sat alone in her room at the pretty *escrioire*, one of the many New Year's gifts with which love had surrounded her in the years already numbered with the dead. It was a habit of Edna's, adopted when first she had begun to realize the responsibilities of life, to spend New Year's eve alone in self-examination and the registration of vows for a happier, because better, year to come.

Begun when in the first flush of Christian joy, the wilderness journey into Canaan had seemed but of a Sabbath day's duration. The self-imposed task had come to be an onerous one, and a sad, weary penance it was to Edna this last night of 1877. For there lay a pile of little blank-books — the journals of the last five years — and on the fly-leaves of each were such entries as these: "Resolved in the strength of the Lord to live this year as I have never lived before." "Resolved to do great things this year for God and His service." "Resolved to conquer every evil thing in myself, and to reflect the image of Christ alone by the end of the year just commencing," etc. But as her eye ran along the closely-written pages, what a story of failure and defeat was written there, and how sad the miseries which closed a year commenced with such confident expectations of victory! What was the matter? Edna could not understand it. The opportunities to do great things had never presented themselves; no acts of heroic self-sacrifice had been demanded; and while she waited for the one and watched for the other, the years had rolled by and left no record of achievement, while on the other hand, in spite of constantly-renewed resolutions and almost superhuman struggles with her own character and temptations, she seemed to stand on no higher platform than five years ago; indeed, in the deeper self-knowledge which these years had brought, she seemed to be infinitely farther off from holiness than in those earlier, brighter days.

And yet if ever a girl desired and needed to be good, it was Edna Lewis; for before the new year to commence to-morrow should be ended, she, if all things went according to their expectations, would be the wife of Frank Bliss, and his associate in the holy work of ministering unto souls, in the parsonage which he was even now preparing for her reception. How could a girl whose resolutions were as ropes of sand, and whose battles with self always ended in defeat, dare to take even a subordinate part in pointing others to the Lamb that taketh away sin? And that reminded her of something in Frank's New Year letter received this evening which she read over again before writing new resolutions as was her wont.

"Don't study yourself so much, dearest," he said; "trust Jesus more. It is the blood of Christ that cleanses from all sin, not our efforts and struggles. It is not by looking at ourselves that we grow into the Christ-likeness, but by looking unto Jesus; for we shall be like Him only when and in proportion as we shall see Him as He is."

A new thought seized the reader, and opening the unsold page of the new volume of the journal, she wrote, in place of the intended resolution: "I, Edna Lewis, commence the year 1877 'looking unto Jesus,'" and to fill up the blank space, added these words which her friend had copied for her from the pages of some old writer: "I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness I can show to any fellow-being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

A strange sense of rest and freedom from responsibility stole over the girl as she closed her eyes with the dying year, and it is certain that she passed no more that way again.

"Edna, det up, I awn't oo to tom and dess me, tos it's New Year's, and I tan say 'Happy New Year' to papa first if oos twick," shouted little Alice at the door.

The young lady addressed would have dearly liked another nap, and would have taken it any other day, but this would be a "kindness to a fellow-creature," and Alice might never make a similar request. Little Jack, who had lain down to sleep under the turf of the church-yard since the last yearly festival, certainly could not. She should never "pass this way again;" so Alice was dressed by "sister's" nimble fingers and enjoyed the delightful privilege of being first of all the nursery flock to shout "Happy New Year" at papa's door.

Then, being up, Edna went to the window and watched old Tim as he shoveled away the heavy snow which had fallen over night. How cold and hungry he looked! She would ask mamma to call him in and give him some breakfast by and by. "Do it now," stared her in the face from the open journal, and running lightly down to the kitchen, she called Tim in and seated him at a table arranged by herself.

"Shure, it's exaddin' koin'd ye are, Miss Edna. I thought the master'd give an ould feller his breakfast on New Year's day, but th' ould woman's that bad that I darn't leave her alone long, and I was afear'd to wait till the family come down."

When Edna heard that Tim's wife died before noon on New Year's day, she felt indeed that she should not pass that way again.

"What a curious way of spending New Year's day," said Mrs. Lewis, as her daughter appeared with a basket containing all sorts of unfinished pieces of work in her hand.

"I think it's a good thing to finish up, mother, and if I do it now while I have the time, it will be out of the way, and I may never have just the right opportunity again;" and so numerous articles which had waited months and years for a few stitches, received them, and were laid away among things completed.

Later in the day Edna was deeply interested in a book when the thought flashed across her of a Sunday scholar, a boy of seventeen, concerning whose welfare she was deeply anxious. Bad companions had got hold of him, and his feet were beginning to waver towards those ways "the ends whereof are the ways of death."

To invite the homeless youth to spend a pleasant evening with her own home circle would be both a "good thing" and an act of "kindness;" but in order to do it the book must be laid aside and a carefully-worded note written now. Long afterwards, when the consistent Christian man told his former teacher how her timely invitation had decided him against the wine supper and gambling party which his evil companions were urging him to join, and how a few earnest words spoken by her towards the close of the evening had led him to that decision which terminated in his finding that now was "the day of salvation," she realized that had the opportunity for good been neglected, she would never have passed that way again.

But a great trial awaited Edna Lewis before the close of that first day of the year. The girl-friend, who for many years had been as a second self, proved false, deceived and betrayed her trust in a way that only her own sensitive nature could understand, and the temptation was strong to unforgiveness and retaliation. But stronger still was the power of direct and "just now" — looking unto Jesus; and a great victory was recorded in heaven which never was entered in the note-book on earth.

This passed the hours, days and months of Edna's new year, marked by no brilliant exploits, no great achievements. The young girl did not take the world for Christ nor win the martyr's crown; only as each moment brought a call for duty, an opportunity for self-sacrifice, an occasion for kindness, it found her willing and obedient; she neither neglected nor delayed; she did the thing, and did it now. Moreover, as she learned daily to look more simply and trustfully to Jesus, those who watched her saw what she might not see — His blessed image in every lineament of character, every action of life. The same full and happy, because obedient and trustful, life was carried to the new parsonage home, where the many cares and interests left little time for journal writing and self-study; but the last day of the year Edna Bliss found time to write on the last page of her little volume: "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory;" and "Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him."

She had learned two secrets which you and I, reader, will do well to learn at the beginning of this year of our Lord 1880: The first, that not in vows, resolutions and struggles, lies our hope of success and progress in the ways of holiness, but in utter self-abandonment to Him whose alone are both "the power and the victory;" and second, that if we would do anything this year for our Master and His cause, it must be by seizing every opportunity, no matter how trifling, of doing a good thing or showing a kindness to a fellow-creature, without neglect and without delay, for "we shall not pass this way again."

## EVANGELISM IN FRANCE.

BY REV. GIBSON DEAPER.

The Gospel has not lost its power. This is evidenced by the remarkable success that has attended the recent religious services in France by the eminent Scotch evangelists, Dr. A. N. Somerville and his son. Dr. Somerville was a co-worker with Moody in Great Britain, and his meetings are conducted upon much the same plan. His son takes the place of Sankey. He had already passed through Spain and Portugal on his errand of mercy. Later, authorized by the Free Church of Scotland, he visited Canada. Sermons, Bible-readings and addresses were delivered in the cities and villages. The maritime provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward's Island were also visited. Subsequently "Moody and Sankey" meetings were held by father and son among the English-speaking population of India. These were followed by the great revival work carried on by them in Australia and New Zealand. It continued for eighteen months and led to results never before seen in those lands.

The veteran evangelist, seventy years of age, with his natural force and supernatural zeal unabated, now resolved on a new field of operation. It was that of continental Europe, and he made his beginning in France. The plan was, first, to labor among the English-speaking population; then to address the natives through an interpreter in their own tongue. Not only in Paris, but in many other large towns and cities, evangelistic meetings have been held. Dance-halls, theatres as well as churches have been used. Crowds have been in attendance; oftentimes many have been turned away from an impossibility of entrance. The touching story of Jesus, to many ears new, and the Gospel hymns, melted many hearts. Bibles and Testaments were distributed, and in many cases permanent missions established. There were the same encouraging results even in Brittany, the most bigoted Catholic portion of France. The hymn "Washed in the blood of the Lamb," was encored again and again. Many touching instances are given of conversions among the Romanists and infidels of all ages and of every class; and these dear men of God are being sought to repeat their visits.

This success proves several things: That France is ripe for the simple preaching of the Gospel; that uncontroversial statements of the truth, from a loving, sympathetic heart, are the best methods of evangelization (the word "Catholic" or "Protestant" was not mentioned, nor was there any

attack on priest, purgatory, mass, or Church); that the preacher with one language can evangelize through all the countries of Europe; and that even to old age the servants of God may bear fruit. It is also evidenced that nothing but the preaching of the Cross can win lost men back to God; and that before it, neither Romanist nor Jew, infidel nor worldling, can stand.

These men of God have returned to their Glasgow home for a brief period of needed rest, preparatory to a fresh campaign in another country. By these methods native pastors and workers are greatly encouraged, and there is the blessed reflex influence on the Churches at home.

Dr. Somerville is a man of great physical endurance. He comes to his three or four daily meetings with the freshness of boyhood. He performs labors that would prostrate youth. He stirs by his example as well as by his words. He shows to the world that zeal may be found in old men. "For my part," he exclaims, "the nearer I get to the end of life, the less do my thoughts group around the felicities of the heavenly world, and the more on the necessities of this poor world. My life's concern shall be not about the place Jesus has prepared for me above, but that with all the force of my being I may now prepare a place on earth for Him."

He believes in, and exemplifies, the especial power of the Holy Ghost. To his great learning, broad culture, fine imagination, and impassioned eloquence he adds the anointing from on high. Nature, science and art are made tributary to his high purpose to bring men to God. The baptism of fire abides upon him. Hence the power that melts all hearts at his utterances.

Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson.

## LETTER FROM ILLINOIS.

MR. EDITOR: Illinois is pre-eminently a State of Methodism. That people numbers one hundred and twenty-five thousand souls in her borders. At least five hundred thousand citizens attend Methodist churches or affiliate at home with them. There are some of them as noble leaders as the world contains. We have two universities, two colleges, one female college and two or three seminaries.

But this article is to sketch two or three model men of the State. One of the most remarkable men among us, and, indeed, in Methodism, is Rev. W. H. Milburn, D. D., of the Illinois Conference. He was born in Philadelphia in 1823. An accident at five years of age affected his sight, which gradually declined, until at forty he was blind. Yet when his father removed to Jacksonville, Ill., a city of schools, we find him, in 1839, with enviable perseverance entering Illinois College, though with fading sight he could only focalize on a letter or two at a time.

After reaching his senior year, a complication of diseases compelled him to leave college. He entered the ministry, and two years later, at the age of twenty-two, our young preacher was journeying up the Ohio river in a boat. There was, aboard, much profanity, gambling and drunkenness among certain Congressmen on their way to Washington. Milburn was invited to preach on the Sabbath to the boat's company. The Congressmen were honored with front seats. The young preacher resolved to reprove the sins of these great men. He said that aboard were several Congressmen who should be examples of morals and dignified conduct, but that they were not so, from his observations. The country would be unsafe under such men's influence. After naming their shortcomings he told them of but one way for great sinners in high places, namely, to repent humbly. The Congressmen afterwards sent him a purse to his state-room with their esteem; and when they reached Washington nominated the young hero as chaplain of Congress, and he was duly elected, and was elected again eight years later.

This position brought him in contact with two generations of our country's most stirring statesmen. Well he won their esteem. He has crossed the ocean on six voyages, forming the favorable acquaintance of many notable, among these Thomas Carlyle, with whom he spent many friendly days and nights. Mr. Milburn is a

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most perfect orator; he has but few equals in the lecture field. He is yet in his prime, and has grown from the puny school-boy to the robust, full man. His memory is persistent, and what he hears is his own.

A man whose excellences are in a somewhat different field, is President W. H. H. Adams, D. D., of Illinois Wesleyan University. This school, like Harvard, chose a young man for president. Dr. Adams, five years ago, at about thirty, was invited from a very prominent and active pastorate to his present more important position. His university thus manned has its five hundred students. Dr. Adams is an alumnus of the university at Evansville. Like a great general he is apparently ubiquitous. Now he is dedicating a church west, and now lecturing to packed houses in the north. He is scarcely of medium height and stoutly built, and would suffer much mental and physical wear with a manly remainder. One says: "Dr. Adams is the finest pulpit speaker I ever heard." He is eloquent, beautiful in diction and illustration, and clear in logic. He sweeps through without notes, with the persistency and the dignity of a Corliss engine.

Farther north, in the Central Illinois Conference, we select a peculiarly successful instance of the eloquent pastor, Rev. H. M. Laney, M. D. This divine, now in his prime, was a graduate of the New York Medical College, was somewhat skeptical in those days, practiced medicine a few years, but later was soundly converted and entered the ministry. He is sought for in the best appointments. He is one of the closest thinkers of his age. A great reader, thorough in analysis, original in style, pleasing in address, and industrious as a pastor, it is no wonder that he packs his churches. He has tender charities. His sermons are deep and clear. He is especially successful in "feeding the flock" under the great commission. Dr. Laney has frequent calls in the lecture field. He thinks and writes incessantly, but preaches without notes. With such men, Deity, through His Church, is conquering the world.

J. B. ROBINSON.

## From our Exchanges.

"There has ever seemed to me a very useful warning contained in that German proverb which says, 'The best is oftentimes the enemy of the good;' and without claiming for an instant that title of 'good' for my book, I do not doubt that many a good book has remained unwritten, or, perhaps, being written has remained unpublished, because there floated before the mind's eye of the author the ideal of a better, or a best, which has put him out of all conceit with his good; meanwhile some other, having no ideal at all before him either to stimulate or to repress, steps in and, poorly fills the place which the other would have filled, if not excellently yet reasonably well." — *Trench's Preface to Commentary on Revelation.*

Let us think of the blessing there is for us in knowing that God sees us just as we are. Let us take courage from remembering that what we are day and night with Jehovah, and that our best pleasures are His. Uttermost sincerity, uttermost naturalness — these you may cultivate in His sight; and when you have done that, you have, perhaps only half knowing it, gained air, light and warmth for all that is growing better in your heart. You need not talk of it; it is enough to live it alone with your God. So lived, it will find paths God has made for it, as He has for the lightning, by which it shall reach other human hearts. — *Methodist.*

In one of the old cathedrals in England the visitor to-day is shown a gate to which in olden times any criminal might flee, and entering into which any criminal was safe. By night and day a monk kept watch by the window above and at the first wild knock below made haste to open; and once within, the fugitive was safe. He must submit to whatever punishment the superior chose to put upon him; but the civil law could not touch him with its lightest finger. It was a rude type of a sublime truth. The Gospel proffers to every soul a refuge; and when one has once entered into it not even the wild beating of his own remorseful heart can follow him there. — *Christian Union.*

It is a blessed fact that the avenue to certainty is open to all; "any man" who has the spirit of obedience "shall know." If it were otherwise, if the certainty of the truth of Christian doctrines depended upon the thorough investigation of Christian evidences, then only those could "know" who have the leisure and power to weigh evidence, to investigate history and languages; and the poor and ignorant would be left to "perish for lack of knowledge." But the weakest and humblest can "will to do" the will of God — can, by the spirit of obedience and submission to His will, test for himself the truth of the vital doctrines of Christianity. — *Northwest.*











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## ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1880.

The new year opens upon us with the fulfillment of the long-delayed hope of returning prosperity in the business world. Everywhere we see unmistakable evidences of a great improvement, and the most cautious prophecy a continued and permanent advance all along the line of commercial, mercantile and manufacturing employments. If this is the case, the year will have its special perils. We can quite easily bear adversity without losing our spiritual integrity, but how few can endure prosperity and preserve Christian loyalty. What temptations will assault business men to presume upon Providence, to trample upon conscience, to neglect the means of religious nurture and growth, to enter the maelstrom of speculation, and stake fortune and honor upon possible success! Well may Christian men, largely engrossed in business, pause a moment, and pray earnestly, "Let us not go down hence unless Thy presence go with us." "What is this room for?" said a gentleman to his friend whose country residence he was visiting. He was showing him the conveniences of his fine barn, and opened the door into a small, neat, carpeted room. "What is this for?" he asked. "It is my place for private prayer," said his host quietly. "I found my business was becoming exacting. I knew I should lose my self-control without divine aid. So I provided this little room where I could be entirely by myself, and spend a portion of every day in reading my Bible and in secret prayer." Business is opening, but death also is busy. We may need grace not only to resist temptation, but to suddenly drop earthly labor and pass the iron gate. Happy will it be for us if angel hands open that gate before us, and a divine Voice bids us welcome within it!

Mr. Peter Hemmenway, who died last week in Chelsea, was formerly one of the members of the memorable old Bennet St. Church at the North End. In the last week of his sickness, when he was very low, his excellent and devoted wife, also very sick, was wheeled into his room for what might be their final interview until they met on the other side of the river. As his wife was brought in, he noticed her sad look as she observed the evidences of approaching death, and immediately began to repeat, with remarkable tenderness and faith, the well-known verse:—

"Peace, troubled soul, thou needest not fear:  
Thy great Provider still is near."

Stopping here, the feeble wife, responding to his holy trust, took up the inspiring challenge and repeated the last couplet of the verse:—

"Who fed thee loam will feed thee still,  
He calm, and sink into His will;"

and then was borne back again to her own suffering couch.

The death of Peter Hemmenway reminds us of an affecting scene in his history and in our early ministry. In our college days, while spending vacation at home, during the pastoral term of the editor's father at Bennet Street, in the temporary absence of the latter, we were called up at midnight to pray for a man who was supposed to be dying. It was Mr. Hemmenway. His mother and wife were excellent members of the Church. He was a man of reputable character, saying that he had a terrible appetite for liquor. He struggled against it manfully, but in his efforts to break the chains of habit that bound him, the incarnate fiends, who fattened upon his ruin, sought every means to awaken his thirst and to beguile him into the breaking of his promise to reform. They had succeeded once again, and he was supposed to be dying of an attack of delirium tremens. He was chained to the bed, shaking the house with his insane struggles, the great drops of sweat standing out upon his face. Mother and wife were kneeling at his bedside, and were actually praying for his enemies who had wrought his destruction. They besought us to pray earnestly that his life might be spared long enough to recover from this dreadful fit, and to have once more a rational conception of his condition. God was gracious. The answer was broader than the prayer. He recovered, and immediately became deeply interested to secure the forgiveness of sin, a new heart, and a divine power to overcome the temptation. With two such angels of grace near to him, the struggle was not a protracted one. He became a very sincere and a

very happy Christian. Not long after, at the close of a prayer-meeting in Bennet Street, the mother and wife came up to the altar with the son and husband between them, his face glowing with a holy excitement. "We live in heaven now," said the happy wife, and the other two heartily responded to the sentiment, "With man it is impossible; with God nothing is impossible."

Chaplain McCabe told a fresh and characteristic story of Bishop Ames in the office, last week. The Bishop had been holding a Conference. The appointments were read off, and he was about to leave the church. Everybody seemed satisfied with the arrangement of the work for another year except one brother. He had a hair lip and a remarkable lip in his speech. As the Bishop wended his way slowly down the aisle, this brother, evidently greatly discomfited, stopped him, and said, with hissing accent: "Brother Ames, I won't go to my appointment this year. I'll locate before I'll go. Didn't my Presiding Elder tell you I would not go back again?" "What's the matter, brother?" said the Bishop mildly. "Is not the appointment good enough for you?" "Yes, it is good enough for me, but the paragon is full of bed-bugs, and my wife says she won't go back there any more. And I won't go either. We have done all we could to stop the cracks up in the walls in vain." The Bishop folded his hands over his capacious breast, arched his Olympian eyebrows, and said: "That will be a pretty story to tell in the great day—that the bed-bugs drove you out of the walls of Zion." The hair lip quivered with laughter for a moment, and then the brother broke down, went back to his work, and had a good year in spite of the annoying vermin.

### THE NEW YEAR.

Our present paper bears the date of the new year upon which we have entered. We celebrate it by clothing ourselves in fresh type. To many of our readers this new robe may not be as apparent as to those familiar with the printer's art. Our previous type had done good service, and its imperfect letters had become too manifest to expert eyes. We have taken pride in the open and clear page and attractive general appearance of our paper, as compared with our Methodist sheets throughout the land. Although the oldest of them all, we have sought to be as fresh as any of them, and to wear always an unwrinkled face.

Fifty-seven years ago the New England Conference, then covering with its sparse stations all the Eastern States, felt the need of a religious paper, both for the defense of its doctrines and discipline and for the training of its members. By remarkable personal sacrifices it was established and sustained until its value became so evident to the whole Church that its removal to New York and publication as an official paper was demanded. But New England could not endure its absence. Immediately, by voluntary efforts, its weekly issues were kept up, so that we have an unbroken line through all the period of its transfer, until the Wesleyan Association was formed and assumed the responsibility of its continued publication. As soon as its funds admitted of it, the amount paid by the agents at New York for the paper was refunded to the Book Concern. During its early years, the brethren who bore its pecuniary responsibility were often driven to great straits to support it. They were not unfrequently responsible to the full amount of their personal property. For years the paper barely paid its way. It was not intended to be a money-making concern, but to be a faithful and efficient servant of the then struggling Church. It is only in later years that a small accumulation of capital suggested the erection of the noble granite building that now accommodates the Theological and Law Departments of Boston University, affords a fine Depository for the New England Branch of the Book Rooms, a convenient office of publication for the paper itself, and provides a sinking fund which promises ultimately a large annual contribution to the Conference patronizing the paper.

During this most important half century in the history of the Church, what a work the now venerable (as compared with its peers) sheet has accomplished for the dehomination! It can never be in the future what it has been in the past. In the beginning it almost stood alone. There were but one or two religious papers in the country. Now their name is legion, and the daily press finds it a paying work to conduct the great Christian topics of the hour and to report the progress of the Churches throughout the country. Its office was that of an evangelist. On the first page during the early years of its issue, at its very head, was the well-remembered picture of the angel of the Apocalypse, with his trumpet, proclaiming the everlasting Gospel to the sons of men. The first great controversy of the paper was an incident of the times and of the evangelistic work of the Church. Methodism found its progress impeded by an iron-bound faith organized into long-established religious organizations. Her first work was to preach the Gospel to the souls in prison, and to break

the bondage of a terrible religious fatalism. The Calvinistic controversy blazed along its pages for many years, and they became the intellectual defenses of our hard-pressed ministers and members.

Very early in the temperance reform, which is just about the same age as the paper, it took the most radical positions of the day on the question, and has kept fully abreast of all the advances of its advocates until the present hour. It was among the earliest and most outspoken of the denominational papers during the anti-slavery controversy, for no small part of the struggle standing quite alone in its advanced positions. It was always loyal to the Church, but faithful to the oppressed, in an hour when the earnest defense of the latter was supposed by many to be inimical to the peace and prosperity of the former.

Large liberty of opinion, when expressed in a Christian temper, has always been the motto of Zion's Herald. In this spirit the policy of the Church has been thoroughly discussed. Our thoughtful men, and especially our warm-hearted young men, have had a fair opportunity to offer their opinions for the judgment of the Church upon all questions in controversy, while no one of the denominational papers has been more loyal to the doctrines and institutions of the Church. It is an interesting work to glance over the issues of a generation ago. We pride ourselves somewhat upon the intellectual progress that the Church has made during these years. When the Herald was originated, Methodism had but one college graduate in its ministry in New England—Dr. Wilbur Fisk. Now it has a half dozen seminaries and two colleges of high grade within its limits. It had at that time no trained writers. But it will surprise the reader, in glancing over these early years of the paper, not only to find the robust sense and convincing arguments of the writers to its columns, but the graces of a tasteful style and an attractive rhetoric. Already had the twin pillars of strength and beauty been reared in front of the lately-constructed Methodist temple.

It cannot be hoped that the new generation, who have somewhat lost their appreciation of the services of Joseph, will have the same affectionate regard for the paper that the fathers did. Younger, briske, more worldly competitors are seeking to elbow the ancient paper from its high and warm seat in the affections of the people. It is touching to read the letters that occasionally come from venerable men and women who have taken Zion's Herald from its first issue in 1823, and from younger persons who have seen it on the family table beside the Bible ever since they saw anything in this world. We have little complaint, however, to make in reference to the appreciation of younger patrons of the paper. During the years of business depression our subscribers clung to the Herald, even when its small subscription occasioned a serious sacrifice, with wonderful unanimity. In the instances of those who were forced to give it up, the letters of regret which came to us were often affecting in the extreme.

We open the new year with an excellent prospect, an enlarged subscription, a general appreciation, and the kindly support of the ministers who are nearly everywhere our only, as they are our very efficient, agents. We have lowered our subscription price, improved our appearance, made ample arrangements for a succession of rare contributions from our best writers, with all the well-sustained departments which we have already introduced into the paper, and now we turn to our patrons for a generous support. If our subscribers, as well as ministerial agents, would yield us a little personal service at this hour, a very large addition would be readily made to our list. On our part we feigned prayerfully, and with no feigned humility, once more, upon our delicate and responsible task. We have no doubt but that we shall fail of meeting every expectation. We can only promise our best efforts, abilities and judgment, and seek the forbearance and sympathy of a generous patronage. To all our readers, from our heart of hearts, we wish a "Happy New Year."

### SWITZERLAND AND THE JESUITS.

This little Republic in the centre of Europe has also had a world of trouble with the Jesuits. They have abused the liberties there granted to them, and again and again have involved the different cantons in the strife of civil war. Switzerland at different periods has followed the example of the surrounding monarchies and issued against them decrees of expulsion; but these have only been in part carried out on account of the separate cantonal governments.

There has been a growing inclination among the people to let the various convents alone, if they in turn

would let the politics and policy of the civil government alone. But this the Ultramontanes will not do, and a new excitement is just now engrossing the people on account of an accession of Italian Capuchins to some of the convents in the Italian canton of Ticino. The Swiss at large fear the growing desire of the Italians to recover this canton for Italy, and suspect this new inroad of Italian Capuchin monks as one of the means to effect that purpose. And therefore a repetition of the cry to drive out the Capuchins.

The Federal Council has, however, decided not to suppress the Capuchin convents, but to forbid from any quarter an increase in their inmates. This decision satisfies neither party, but merely wards off a sharp contest, which must come sooner or later. An effort to suppress the convents was made at the period of the recent revision of the Constitution. But the Capuchins were spared on account of the services which they had rendered to the country, according to the assertions of their friends. But these services must have been of a very doubtful character, for one of their number, at the time when the effort was made to suppress them, declared that of three hundred of their order, there were scarcely six preachers of merit among them; the remainder were only an ignorant crowd wallowing in idleness and debauchery, and thinking of little else than eating and drinking.

If this testimony was true, and it was the popular belief also, the said Capuchins must have greatly improved in order now to appear as competent teachers and preachers. It is evident that the Council has yielded more to avoid trouble and regard the protests that flowed in from all quarters, than to make a general attack all along the line. The case has consequently ended for the present with a simple interdiction against recruits, and especially from Italy as being of a kind likely to increase the fermentation among the people of Ticino.

The new Constitution does not suppress convents, but simply prohibits the re-establishment of suppressed orders, or the foundation of new ones. If the cantonal government of Ticino does not follow the advice of the Federal Council, the refusal would be the signal for a religious war, in which the public would demand the suppression of all the convents in Switzerland. Of the twenty-two cantons, only nine are free from these monkish establishments, containing Capuchins, Benedictines, Franciscans, Dominicans, etc. And there are also sisters of various orders. All these Catholic fraternities and sisterhoods are found in the German and Italian cantons, scarcely any in the French ones.

This fact is reviving the struggle among the nationalities. German Switzerland is mostly Catholic, and extremely bigoted; French Switzerland, Protestant, and liberal, and enlightened as a rule. This condition of things is fast developing a crystallization into old and new Switzerland—the former orthodox and conservative, and the latter progressive and radical. Radicalism is mostly found in the large cities which would like to suppress the convents and appropriate their wealth, while the fanatical populations of the rural districts still confound, as they have been taught to do, their religion with their politics.

The French Protestant cantons are leading the van in the effort to give a new direction to public opinion in the matter of Church and State, and the progress they are making is quite encouraging. They have just taken the matter of separation of the two to the polls in Geneva, and, although defeated, they showed a strength and an element in the strife that are bound to grow. It will require a giant effort to induce the Catholic masses to undertake to support their Church, and control it. Switzerland has a great many very influential ecclesiastical establishments, some renowned for their labor in the field of letters, and others for their signal success in inbruing the masses and holding them in a condition of religious servitude and bigotry. But the very sensitive position of Switzerland—surrounded as she is by nationalities quite ready to divide and appropriate her—makes it doubly necessary that she should not hasten a strife within her own borders that will make her a kingdom divided against itself. The spirit of centralization is daily gaining ground on the basis of nationality. Since the brilliant success of the German nations, the German cantons have become stronger and more influential in the Confederation than ever before, and are now making every effort to centralize the power of the entire country. This is seen in the recent endeavor to establish a national bank, a national code, etc. If this tendency should grow, the spirit will become violent, and it will be the question of conqueror and conquered rather than of majority and minority.

As a matter of self-defense, the French cantons are, on the other hand, joining hands for a Latin crystallization against the German influence; and in this trouble how easily could an additional force of Italian monks step in and aid in creating confusion and weakness! Therefore the Swiss are shy of them.

### Editorial Items.

The energetic course of the President in reference to the polygamists of Utah, and especially his recommendation that as open and voluntary violators of law, they should be deprived of the right of suffrage, and that more effective legislation should be passed by Congress to secure the punishment and early and effectual interruption of this criminal condition of things, have, naturally enough, produced no small ferment in Salt Lake City and throughout Mormonism. In a public meeting under the lead of President Taylor, in that city, affirming the religious character of the custom, those assembled voted unanimously to sustain it at any hazard, and we hear now significant intimations of political intrigues to secure the Congressional support of the Democratic party in hindering adverse legislation. It seems queer enough suddenly to be confronted by a Mormon "in our midst," and to read in the *Daily Advertiser* of Friday morning an elaborate, but weak, defense of the rights of the citizens of Utah Territory to follow their own religious opinions, to be made a State without restrictions, and to enjoy the privilege of the ballot, even though they have more wives than the law of the land permits: President Hayes, Judge Boreman, and Joseph Cook, to the contrary notwithstanding.

Our "missionary of the Latter Day Saints" points out the wretched results that would follow the repudiation of plural wives; but infinitely greater misery will follow, in the coming years, if this infamous blot upon the civilization and Christianity of the nineteenth century is permitted to continue. Measures will have to be taken by the government, or the humane men of the nation, to meet the incident exigencies of an outward return to morality and decency, but only summary, vigorous and national action can cure this terrible cancer in the heart of the land. It is pitiful to listen to a professed minister of a Christian faith in the heart of Boston defending a barbarism as brutal and beastly as can be found in paganism. Elder Cummings had better step down and out.

Rev. Wm. H. Goode, D. D., of North Indiana Conference, died of paralysis at his home in Richmond, Ind., on Tuesday afternoon of last week, Dec. 16. Dr. Goode entered the itinerant ministry in the Indiana Conference in 1836. In 1842 he was appointed principal of Fort Coffey Academy in the Choctaw Indian Reservation, and remained there until the separation of the M. E. Church, South, when our mission work of that region fell under the supervision of that Church. During the previous General Conference (that of 1844) Dr. Goode represented the Indian Mission Conference as a delegate to the General Conference. On his return from the Indian mission work he united with the North Indiana Conference, and for nine years labored as presiding elder and pastor. In 1854 he received from the Bishops an appointment to visit Kansas and Nebraska, and report upon the best points for the opening of our Church work in those regions. Subsequently he was transferred to the Missouri Conference and placed in charge of the new work which he had opened in those Territories. During the five years in which he was thus engaged the mission work of the M. E. Church was extended as far west as the Rocky Mountains. In 1862 he was re-transferred to the North Indiana Conference. Dr. Goode was a member of the General Conferences of 1844, 1860, 1864, 1868, and 1872.

We worshipped with the People's Church, last Sabbath afternoon, of which Rev. J. W. Hamilton is pastor. We are often asked in reference to the prosperity of this Church, as we pass over New England. There is no one of our Churches that has awakened such a general interest. The irrepressible pastor has urged its claims in almost every considerable Methodist pulpit throughout the six Conferences. We found, as usual, a large congregation filling nearly its whole capacity, and as interesting an audience to preach to as can be seen in the city. There are a few of the older Methodists with them who once belonged to Church St. and other charges, but the great body of members and officers have been raised up from the vicinity of the church, and been born into the kingdom of God since the present pastor has been with them. They have a large and vigorous Sunday-school, and keep up evangelical meetings right along. The atmosphere of the Church is that of a protracted revival. Among the few city Churches that do so, they have afternoon preaching. Brother Hamilton is constantly engaged in gathering momentum for the erection of the main building. He is full of courage, and expects to commence work upon it early in the coming spring. The divine blessing evidently rests upon them, and this is an unflattering prophecy of ultimate success. They well deserve the sympathy, material aid and prayers of the Methodist people everywhere, for the work is every way missionary labor.

The excitement in Maine over the unprecedented efforts of its governor and council to nullify the will of the people in their choice of representatives and senators, has run high, with little abatement, during the past week. Indignation meetings have been held in the principal towns, and leading citizens, Democrats as well as Republicans, have both uttered and written their protests against the high-handed and revolutionary movement. It is a remarkable fact

considering the closeness of the canvass for the general election next year, that no conspicuous Democrat has attempted a public defense of the course of Gov. Garcelon. Where they have accorded to him the possibility of following the letter of the State law, they have, in nearly every instance, blamed him for the folly and recklessness of attempting to overrule the manifest will of the majority by trifling technical objections. The proposal to remove stealthily the State arms from the arsenal at Bangor to the State House in Augusta, awakened much excitement in the former city, although there was no breach of the peace. It looks as if the calm and admirable letter and proposition of ex-Governor Lot Morrill to Gov. Garcelon would, in some form, offer a means of adjusting the painful dilemma, and of saving a bitter fight at the opening of the Legislature. The proposition is to submit the question of the different rejected city and town votes to the decision of the Supreme Court of the State. Whatever may be the result, the present governor and council have earned for themselves a notoriety throughout the land of which neither themselves nor their children will have any occasion to be proud.

We record with grief and humiliation the sad dishonor which one of the members of the Providence Conference has brought upon the Church and his family by shameful acts of crime which he acknowledges, and for which he is now justly suffering punishment at the hand of the civil magistrate, in jail. We refer to Rev. A. W. Paige, a man of excellent abilities, of mature years, a member of the Conference for thirty years. He has filled important stations, and borne responsible trusts in the Church. With a wife and grown-up children, he has been the slave of a low temptation for five years. The partner of his offenses was an unmarried lady and member of the Church at East Hampton, Conn., where he formerly preached. He has been pastor, the last year, in East Glasgow. We heartily sympathize with the deeply-afflicted family, and sincerely pray for our fallen brother that he may be healed; but long will this wound to the cause of truth and purity remain to afflict the Christian Church, where it is known. All this does not show the hypocrisy of believers, but the impotence of man without constant divine support.

In a note from Dr. Talbot we are informed that a committee of investigation, called by his Presiding Elder, has suspended him from all ministerial functions and Church privileges until the ensuing session of the Providence Conference.

A disastrous fire burst forth on last Sabbath night in the mass of elegant stores on Franklin, Federal and Devonshire Streets. The fine Cathedral Building, standing on the site of the imposing granite edifice burned in the great fire—forming a portion of the Rich estate, which comes into the hands of the trustees of Boston University in three years—was burned out; only its bare iron and brick walls remain standing. In it was the elegant salesroom of Houghton, Osgood & Co., crowded with valuable publications which were entirely destroyed. There were large amounts of insurance on the building and the stocks, but the loss above this must be very severe. On Franklin Street the great paper house of Rice, Kendall & Co., crowded with stock, was consumed. Here the paper on which ZION'S HERALD is printed is obtained, and we heartily sympathize with both the spirited publishers and the vigorous paper manufacturers in their loss. The Franklin Building, in which Rand, Avery & Co. conduct their large printing business, was fairly surrounded by the flames, and seemed inevitably doomed, but happily escaped. The energetic young firm lost much printed stock in the rooms of the adjoining building which they occupy. Our so-called fire-proof buildings seem about as much exposed to fire as those less substantial.

The *International Review* commences with the Jan. number its eighth volume. It has grown steadily in favor with the intelligent portion of the reading public. Its full circular for the current year will be found among our advertisements. The present number opens with a fine illustrated sketch of "Rubens," by Hammerstein (second part). Charles Lannan writes about the "Islands of Okinawa,"—a province of Japan. Dr. Billings has an instructive, professional paper upon the "Yellow Fever." Prof. J. C. Bluntschli has an appreciative paper upon the "Services of Prof. Francis Lieber to Political Science and International Law." Pressensé writes a pleasant paper upon "Current Literature in France." Henry Cabot Lodge contributes a biographical sketch of "William Cobbett." John Fiske gives a critical review of the "Works of the Late William K. Clifford," who died in his young prime of overwork, but had already become well known for his scientific scholarship. The closing chapters are devoted to contemporary literature at home and abroad.

Our English Wesleyan files are full of lamentations over the calamity that befell the venerable City Road Chapel. The telegraphic announcement was correct. The chief injury was done to the morning chapel, which now presents only skeleton walls. The interior portion of the main building is badly injured, but that graced the venerable walls in memory of the revered and sainted dead, have been preserved. The insurance on the building covers the loss; the fear, however, is that the general appearance of this most significant memorial of the founder of Methodism will be changed in the thorough refitting to which it must be subjected. The next Wesleyan Conference was appointed to be held here; but there is some doubt whether in the six months ensuing, the work of rebuilding and repairing can be completed.

The venerable pulpit where Wesley preached some of his remarkable sermons will still remain as a visible link between the seen and the unseen, the present and the past.

The Annual of Wesleyan University for 1879-80, shows no change in its able faculty, save the death of the late *emeritus* Fisk Professor of Natural Science, Dr. John Johnston. Joseph Chester Burke, M. A., has been appointed assistant in Physics; C. A. Waldo, M. A., Tutor in Mathematics and College Registrar; John Hancock Gordy, B. A., Tutor in Mental Philosophy; B. A. Rich, B. A., Assistant Librarian; and H. L. Osborn, B. A., Assistant in Natural History. The summary for the year reaches 164. There are six ladies connected with the different classes or in the post-graduate department. The college never was doing better work nor enjoying more substantial prosperity.

Mr. George Munro, of New York, issues his three very cheap, but well-printed editions of the leading English monthlies—the *Fortnightly*, the *Contemporary Review* and the *Nineteenth Century*. These are furnished at the small price of \$2.25 a year each; 30 cents single numbers. The programme of subjects in each of these ably-sustained periodicals is attractive, and embodies current discussions; such as "Martial Law in Cuba!"; the "Austro-German Alliance"; the "Letters of Charles Dickens"; "The Lord's Prayer," by John Ruskin; "India under Lord Lytton"—a scathing paper; "Life in Constantinople!"; "Miracles!"; "Prayer and Law!"; "Lord Beaconsfield!"; the "Irish Land Agitation!"; "Modern Atheism and Mr. Mallock!"; "Irish Politics and English Parties," etc. Several of these papers we shall remark upon hereafter. Nos. 17 and 27 Vandewater St., New York.

The officers of the law in this vicinity seem determined to close their eyes to one of the most obnoxious and injurious breaches of the statute against gambling, because it is sanctified by the religious objects involved in its commission. Nothing could be more barefaced than the open, undisguised, and almost universal gambling sales during the late Old South Fair. Neither judge nor district attorney would lend an ear to the active endeavors of Henry Morgan to secure the execution of the law of the State upon these unblushing transgressors. He is still, however, on their track. He has his direct testimony, and will pursue the matter to the last possibility of obtaining a public hearing. He proposes, also, to go again to the legislature to secure, if necessary, a special officer for the execution of this law.

It is blessed giving when the heart is full as well as the pocket. Happy is the man who can anticipate the agent and the contribution box! We warm towards that quiet and eminently gracious Christian of whom the *Congregationalist*, of last week, speaks. The editor says:—  
"A gentleman from Worcester County stepped into the office of the Mass. Home Missionary Society, last week on Tuesday, and modestly desired to leave a 'small Christmas gift' for home missions. It proved a check for five thousand dollars. Before leaving the building, he cheered the brethren of the American Board with a similar gift. Verily, if the prayers of the toilers over the sea and on the lonely frontier are a blessing, the sleep of such givers must be sweet."

The Canadian Methodist Magazine for January has for its frontispiece a not very striking portrait of one of the noblest of men and the most eloquent of preachers, Rev. George Douglass, LL. D., President of the Wesleyan Theological College, at Montreal. The magazine for this month has a well-selected body of papers upon Wesleyan, Canadian and general religious themes. Dr. Hyerson has an elaborate paper upon Canadian Methodism. It is a model denominational periodical, neatly published, catholic in spirit, loyal to its Church, emphatically religious, and with a moderate subscription price, \$2. It is published in Toronto by William Briggs.

Last Friday the symptoms of Bishop Haven assumed a more grave appearance, dropsical affections being developed. These symptoms have not abated. His case, which was critical before, becomes even more a matter of anxiety to his medical attendants. His mind is clear. In conversation on Saturday with his attendant, after questioning him in reference to his condition, he said calmly and even cheerfully, "If I die it is all well; if I recover it is all well!" We are of sympathy to continue to pour in from all parts of the land, and thousands of prayers are daily offered in his behalf. At the People's Church, where Bishop Haven performed his last public service, very impressive petitions were offered on the Sabbath for his recovery.

The venerable Mrs. Sereno S. Snow—whose ring, worn for so many years and offered to the W. F. M. Society, brought so goodly a sum at the Music Hall reception—has been made a Christmas gift of a copy, for the ensuing year, of Zion's Herald, through the kind offices of Mrs. J. M. Magee. To make the gift more grateful the subscription price was given by seven aged ladies, interested in the work of the Society, whose united ages aggregate 558 years. One of the venerable women is 92. Still longer may they enjoy the luxury of doing good even for years to come!

The Methodist Year Book for 1880, compiled by Dr. W. H. DePuy, bears on its cover a cut of the venerable senior Bishop, Levi Scott, D. D. In addition to the calendar of the current year this indispensable little hand-book contains the denominational statistics and the various organizations of the Church with their present officers. It gives access at once to a mass of facts that require long and careful labor to collect. Every Methodist family should have a copy. Magee sells it.

For several years has been offered to reduced price, in connection with services in collecting subscribers. The superannuated ministers and itinerants \$1.50; and to be charged more as many of them are not able to do manual work. In our matter, the price is one dollar and fifty cents. After Jan. 1, 1880, and itinerants at the same price as of

As no special reference was made to the paper a short time since the temperance cause, the Christian Temperance Society, in its call upon all to hold a day of prayer for the temperance workers, on Friday, Jan. 2, 1880, with this call in mind, during the day, commencing at 10 A. M., at the headquarters in Boston, Room 3, in the corner of Tremont Sts. The week of on Sunday, Jan. 4.

The experienced Watch-Tower insists rather than the imp and even secular, new and irresponsible attaches to the imper should be some one of responsibility who should be the editor of the paper. The editor says:—  
"The logic of all case, which we cannot intend applications, is best under individual of course, everything, and what the man is, and what his qualifications generally are, has come to be the man all human callings."

We have to keep appearance of a count no evidence of its looked over, during the fifty articles that have been, and have only by the impossibility for them in our column, says enough on hand, has been requested to fill the whole paper. It will be very body's patience is to writer's or reader's, we will print you all something better.

The Art Amateur, with a copy of a picture. Stewart's collection figure in "The Visit Munkasy. It has a trait and several illustrations. Moran, the artist. The illustrated paper upon private collection of pictures from Boston; a fine "History of Tapestry," illustrated contributions, al and musical art, tractive periodical. tague Marks, editor at England office, Boston.

We have received a quarto paper, called, edited and published, Luce, son of Rev. I. L. Conference. It is large, advertising patrons, sible essay on "Self-governed variety of general young editor is a be will not be at rest until or publisher. Success—

Miss Frances E. W. duties as president of an's Christian Temper with the plans for made previous to her, borious office. Notice that after Jan. 1, 1880, with Slayton's Lyceum and her engagement, her private secretary, Evanston, Ill.

Messrs. Sampson, use their gem of an almanac, which for without a successful entitled, "The Business Directory," the usual official sta of incidents of the a capital New Year of the house.

We have received a correction in the this Bolster, instead "Rumford."

South Boston, Bro working heretofore to expenses, and to re net profits of the la of the lecture course, any concert was giv on Christmas eve, Church held with night services at the mon at 9.15 by Rev.

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For several years past ZION'S HERALD has been offered to the ministers for a reduced price, in consideration of their services in collecting funds and securing subscribers. The price to local and superannuated ministers has been \$2, and itinerants \$1.20 per year. Complaints have been made by the preachers paying two dollars, that they ought not to be charged more than the itinerants, as many of them are doing regular pastoral work. In order to equalize the matter, the price has been changed to one dollar and fifty cents to all ministers. After Jan. 1, 1880, local, superannuated, and itinerants will have the HERALD at the same price as others.

As no special reference in the subjects announced for the different days of the "week of prayer," as published in our paper a short time since, was made to the temperance cause, the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union earnestly call upon all their associated bodies to hold a day of fasting and prayer, for the temperance work and temperance workers, on Friday, Jan. 2. In accordance with this call meetings will be held during the day, commencing at 11 o'clock A. M., at the headquarters of the Union in Boston, Room 3, Odd Fellows Building, corner of Tremont and Berkeley Sts. The week of prayer commences on Sunday, Jan. 4.

The experienced editor of the N. Y. Watch-Tower insists upon the personal rather than the impersonal, religious, and even secular, newspaper. He thinks an irresponsibility and recklessness attaches to the impersonal sheet. There should be some one known by the community who should be held to a strict responsibility for the character of the paper. The editor says:—

"The logic of all this view of the case, which we cannot now extend into intended applications, is, that the religious newspaper is, perhaps, safest and best under individual direction. Here, of course, everything depends upon who and what the man is who is the editor, and what his qualities and qualifications generally are for that service which has come to be the most responsible of all human callings."

We have to keep saying that the non-appearance of a contributor's article is no evidence of its rejection. We have looked over, during the last week, some fifty articles that have been filed for publication, and have only been kept back by the impossibility of securing space for them in our columns. We have essays enough on hand, whose publication has been requested by public bodies, to fill the whole paper for a month's issues. It will be very evident that somebody's patience is to be taxed—either writer's or reader's. Have patience, and we will print you all, without we find something better.

The Art Amateur for January opens with a copy of a picture in the late A. T. Stewart's collection—the group and figure in "The Visit of the Baby" by Munkacsy. It has a sketch, with portrait and several illustrations, of Edward Moran, the artist. This number gives an illustrated paper upon Judge Hilton's private collection of pictures; an art letter from Boston; a fine paper upon the "History of Tapestry," and several illustrated contributions upon industrial and musical art. This is a very attractive periodical. \$3 a year. Montague Marks, editor and publisher. New England office, Boston, 110 Tremont St.

We have received a very handsome quarto paper, called the *Holiday Annual*, edited and published by Master W. D. Luce, son of Rev. I. Luce, of the Maine Conference. It is largely devoted to its advertising patrons, but has a very sensible essay on "Self-reliance," and a good variety of general miscellany. The young editor is a born newsmen, and will not be at rest until a *bona fide* editor or publisher. Success to him!

Miss Frances E. Willard finds that her duties as president of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union conflict with the plans for Lyceum lecturing made previous to her election to that laborious office. Notice is therefore given that after Jan. 1, 1880, her connection with Slayton's Lyceum Bureau ceases, and her engagements will be made by her private secretary, Miss Anna Gordon, Evanston, Ill.

Messrs. Sampson, Davenport & Co. issue their great and portable directory and almanac, which for 45 years has been without a successful competitor. It is entitled, "The Boston Almanac and Business Directory for 1880." It has all the usual official statistics and chronicles of incidents of the past year. It forms a capital New Year's gift for the matron of the house.

We have received very handsome office calendars from T. C. Evans, the spirited advertising agent, and from W. L. Libbey, of the New England Glass Works and manufacturer of red lead and litharge, 67 Federal St.

The *Advocate of Salem*, N. H., issued for the first time the Church of that town, by the pastor, Rev. A. H. Merrill, contains an interesting sketch of the foundation and fortunes of the Church, and much that is interesting besides.

ERRATUM: Rev. W. S. Jones makes a correction in the obituary of Mrs. Cynthia Bolster, which appears in the present issue. Instead of "Raymond," read "Rumford."

South Boston, Broadway.—The Church is working heroically to pay in full its current expenses, and to reduce its debt \$15,000. The net profits of the ladies' fair were \$1,335, and of the lecture course \$280. A musical and literary concert was given by the Sunday-school on Christmas eve. The Dorchester Street Church held with this people union watch-night services at the Broadway Church. Sermon at 9.15 by Rev. N. T. Whitaker.

## Notes from the Churches.

### MASSACHUSETTS.

#### NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.

**Boston Preachers' Meeting.**—An admirable essay by Dr. Morrison awakened the best of feeling in the audience. The reality of revival and their place in Church history, and the necessity of a Spirit baptism, were graphically portrayed. Among the means of promoting revivals are the communion of the pastor with the most spiritual of his flock; to attend to our work; a softened spirit in the pastor; the selection of practical themes for discourse; pastoral visitation; and employment of evangelists. Others made effective remarks. The regular monthly class-meeting is the order of the day next Monday.

**Dorchester Street.**—Very interesting Christmas services were held. Messrs. Bromley and Hutchinson commenced extra meetings next Sunday.

**Newton Upper Falls.**—Dec. 18 and 19 a church fair was held without either lottery or grab-bag, and netted \$160 towards a fund for additions to their vestry. No Church need ever resort to questionable methods for raising money. It will do a million-fold more harm than good if they do.

**North Andover.**—The Lord has been leading Brother Candlin and family through deep waters of affliction. Oct. 29, an infant daughter was taken to Jesus. Dec. 27, their eldest daughter, a most estimable girl of fifteen years, left her mourning friends to join the loved ones on the other side. They have the marked sympathies of their congregation and other friends.

**Lowell, Worthen Street.**—Seven seekers last Sunday evening gladden this soul-saving Church.

**St. Paul's.**—Rev. C. D. Hills, by special request, repeated his sermon on "Our Debt and How to Pay Them," in Huntington Hall, Dec. 21.

**Milford.**—The Christmas festival was duly celebrated with recitations and song and many gifts, including a roll of greenbacks and a basket of presents to the pastor and family. Two young men were converted the past week.

**Monson.**—The Christmas tree bore much fruit, part of which was for the pastor, and a fine communion service for the Church.

**Christians.**—This festival is being very widely celebrated. The exercises generally consisted of song by the Sunday-schools and by professionals, recitations, readings, or addresses, and the distribution of gifts, often at the hands of Santa Claus himself. The time hastens when the celebration should have a more religious character. Festivals more or less elaborate are reported in Grace Church, Boston, Trinity and Harvard Street, Cambridge, Waltham, Hyde Park, St. Paul's, Boston Street and Trinity, Lynn, Melrose, Ipswich, Natick, West Warren, State Street and Trinity, Springfield, Westfield, Florence, South Deerfield and Greenfield, Gloucester, Elm Street, Saugus, Holliston, Winthrop, Tapscott, Stoneham, Trinity, Worcester, South Street, Lynn, Eglington Square, and Winthrop Street, Boston, Worthen Street, Central and St. Paul's, Lowell, East Saugus, Washington Street, Newburyport, and Highlandville.

**Uxbridge.**—The new church is nearly completed, and it is a beauty. The chapel is on the same floor with the church and capable of making one room seat five hundred persons. The builders, Mr. P. B. Johnson, gives the most high satisfaction he did in erecting our Grace (Springfield) and Westfield churches.

**Cambridge, Trinity.**—Very fine decorations by Mr. Fred Lewis and Mrs. Santa Claus contributed to the enjoyment of Christmas.

**Newton.**—The Churches at Newtonville, Center, and Upper Falls, met here for watch-night. Dr. Taylor presided and Prof. Lumsden preached.

**West Warren.**—A very interesting course of lectures are just concluded. They began with Dr. Malibon and ended with Dr. Peirce. The Christmas gathering enjoyed a fine rendering of Dr. Vincent's "Alpha and Omega No. 2." The pastor was very generously remembered with a roll of bills and other gifts. Dr. Ela well calls this "a model working Church."

**Springfield, State Street.**—Double Christmas duty for home school and the mission engaged many willing hands. Bro. Perrin's Christmas sermon was highly commended.

**Grace Church.**—Bro. W. B. Crook, by a few choice facts, shows the reflection that it costs more to be a drunkard than to secure a good education and belong to the Church.

**Florence Street.**—Rev. J. Scott's recent lecture on "Recreation at Moosehead" was a treat, and with fine descriptions of the natural scenery and delight in fishing he interspersed many humorous incidents.

**Trinity.**—Prof. Hibbard, of Middleboro, gave a delightful evening of readings recently, and the Hampton jubilee singers one of the excellent concert.

**Westfield.**—Supper and fair one evening went before last netted \$150.

**West Parish.**—The Cento brethren and sisters in good numbers went out to their annual chicken-pie supper. A noble custom and productive of great good.

**Barnstable.**—Mrs. Dr. Bowker's "Band of Hope" held special Christmas exercises. Mrs. B. is doing a noble work among the little folks of her town.

**Lyden.**—Special religious services will be held, beginning Jan. 1, Dr. Ela and others participating.

**Atol.**—The society and community mourn the death of one of their best members and one of their business men. The vestry organ fund is a gain of \$25 by a recent "Dairymaid's" Supper."

**Woburn.**—The campus between Binney and Music Halls has been flooded and affords an admirable skating rink. Dr. Steele gave his valuable lecture upon the "Iron Age" at Longwood a few evenings since.

**Cambridgeport, Harvard Street.**—Christmas was observed on Wednesday evening by a fruitful Christmas tree, and on Sunday evening by a concert, which celebrated the Nativity at Bethlehem by songs and recitations. Watch-night services were held on Wednesday evening; Dr. Hoyt of the Prospect Street Congregational Church preached. A good religious interest prevails.

**Jamaica Plain.**—Sixteen have been released into the Church since the mortgage was paid. Bishop Foster preached one of his ablest sermons before a large audience, Sunday, Dec. 28.

**Berkley.**—A correspondent writes: "We have been favored this season with a lecture course of more than usual interest. The course was opened by Rev. B. P. Raymond, with a clear, logical, forcible advocacy of high ideals in 'Politics.' Rev. H. A. Cleaveland followed with 'The Tongue.' Inclusive in thought, captivating in style, the lecture was such an apt illustration of the mastery use of the tongue for good. An interesting and entertaining lecture on 'The Power of Individual Character,' was given by Rev. A. McCord. Rev. J. H. Humphrey maintained the right of woman to the ballot, and her need

of it. Rev. W. J. Yates gave his popular lecture on 'Egypt.' And Rev. E. F. Clark closed the course with his well-known lecture on 'Geology and Genesis.'"

### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

**Fitchburg.**—There was a very interesting and spontaneous gathering of the friends of temperance, at the residence of Rev. F. Moore on the evening of the 23d ult., for the purpose of showing the public appreciation of Brother W.'s labors in the temperance cause. An address was made by Rev. I. R. Wheelock, at the close of which "yellow dust representing \$122," was handed to Brother Woods as a "token of appreciation of his ability, courage and manliness, and as a testament of respect for him as a Christian minister representing the work of Christ in the temperance cause."

Brother Woods' reply was brief and appropriate, and expressed his genuine surprise at so valuable a gift and his grateful thanks to the friends who had so generously contributed. Remarks were also made by other gentlemen present, and by several ladies of the W. C. T. U. The occasion was highly enjoyable to all persons.

**Uxbridge.**—The lecture course, arranged by a committee of the M. E. Church in this place, was initiated by Rev. J. A. Case, of Worcester, who gave his lecture, "Among the Mountains," to a large and cultivated audience on the evening of Nov. 20. The second entertainment consisted of an admirably arranged programme of readings and vocal music by Miss E. Jennie Thompson, of Lynn, the pastor of the Uxbridge M. E. Church. The third in the course was a lecture by Prof. C. T. Winchester, of Wesleyan University, on "London a Hundred Years Ago," Dec. 4. The lecture was characterized throughout for the polished and scholarly style in which it was delivered, and met the hearty endorsement of a highly-entertained audience.

**Chaplain McCabe's visit to Maine** has been a real inspiration to the spiritual life of the Churches, and also to the patriotism of the people. His lecture on "The Church and the Republic," which he gave at Saccapapa and Augusta, showing the influence of the Christian Church on the life of the nation in determining her conscience and inspiring her courage, was replete with piety and patriotism. The Doctor used his red cross map to illustrate what the Methodist Church, which he denominated the "sixth corps of the army of Christ," was doing on the frontiers for the salvation and perpetuity of the nation. He spent last Sabbath (Dec. 12) in Portland and Saccapapa. The three Churches of Portland united Sabbath morning to listen to his showing of our Church Extension work. Notwithstanding the severity of the day, Chestnut Street Church was full, and the congregation cheerfully responded to the call for aid for this work with a subscription and contribution of over \$250. Dr. McCabe has a deep fear of Catholicism in this country if the Methodist Church will plant ten Churches a week (which is his plan) for time to come around the Catholicism of our country. His sermon at Saccapapa in the afternoon was on "Power of the Invisible World," in which he mightily helped the faith and joy of the people. The community will not soon forget either the sermon or the lecture.

The outrage which has just been perpetrated at our State House by Gov. Garcelon and his council awakens the indignation of all true and honest men, and finds just rebuke from most of the pulpits of our State. Rev. J. Benson Hamilton delivered a sermon on the great crime last Sunday evening to a crowded house, which was anything but complimentary to the persons who chance to be in power at present, but who will be consigned to perpetual infamy and shame. His sermon has been copied in several State papers, and it makes a good public document for these times.

The new church at Woodford's is an assured thing. The subscriptions have reached \$6,500, with several other pledges that are reliable. The building is to cost about \$10,000. Dr. Clark and Rev. J. A. Streeter of course, are foremost in this enterprise. Bro. Berry, the pastor, is pushing the matter successfully. Mr. Fasset, of Portland, is the architect.

Bishop Haven has the prayers of all the people for his recovery. We still trust that he will be spared many years to the Church.

Rev. S. F. Wetherbee delivered his lecture on Japan in the Chebeague Island course last week.

### SEMI-CENTENNIAL AT ALFRED.

The semi-centennial celebration of the introduction of Methodism in Alfred, Me., occurred in the Methodist Episcopal Church, Dec. 14-17, commencing on Sunday morning with a very tender and impressive love-feast, followed at 10.30 o'clock with an historical sermon by the pastor, the text being the last clause of Num. 23: 23. The first effort in continuous Methodist labor was made by Rev. Green G. Moore, then stationed on Buxton and Limington circuit, in May of 1829, although Rev. Phineas Randall, of Kennebunkport, preached a single sermon two years before this, on the week-day afternoon, in the old Congregational meeting-house, which called forth from the resident minister, on the succeeding Sabbath, the following announcement: "I am requested by my Church to say, that if any more straggling preachers come along, not one of them can have this pulpit unless the consent of every member of this Church is obtained." In planning contrast to the lecture on the fact that on the afternoon of a Sunday Sabbath, this same society—or the descendants of this same—closed the door of their church and attended our services, kneeling with us at the communion rail, thereby demonstrating that old differences were completely forgotten, and that the cry of true Christians is becoming more and more universal, "If thy heart is as my heart, give me thy hand!"

Brother Moore, at the commencement of his labor, was denounced by the Calvinists and called a clown and a madman; yet undaunted by the opposition and persecution which he met, he continued steadily to lay the foundation, good and strong, of what is now the most prosperous Church in the town. A notable revival, that took place in connection with a "four-days' meeting" held in the old Court House, greatly promoted the interests of the society in its earliest history. Elder John Lord, assisted by such men as Paul C. Richmond and Dan. Fuller, conducted the services, which were attended by crowds of people and were full of Holy Ghost's power. A number of conversions ensued, some of which—as regards the future prosperity of the little Church—were significant and important. Her chief, at that time high sheriff of York County. Beside the "hall of justice," a large upper room, called "Holy Ghost's power," and Jos. Gerry's house, known as the "Methodist tavern," served as places of gathering, until a meeting-house was built. This was completed, in 1834 and dedicated Dec. 10 of that year by the recognized pioneer of Methodism in this section—Rev. G. G. Moore. In 1858, during Rev. J. B. Laplan's pastorate, the church was raised, and three beautiful vestries filled beneath. In 1876, while Rev. Jos. Hawks was pastor, the church was again remodeled and repaired, and is now a very tasty and attractive house of worship.

The cozy and convenient parsonage owned by the society was built while Rev. Chas. Munger was pastor, in 1872. Sunday afternoon, in the presence of a large congregation, Rev. B. K. Poire, D. D., editor of Zion's HERALD, delivered a discourse from Isa. 31: 20, which was tender, earnest and forcible. His effort was a call for faithfulness in the future, and as the people listened to the stirring appeals of the speaker, their hearts were fired, and they resolved, by divine aid, to show forth in the years to come the devotion and heroism which characterized the fathers all the way along.

Sunday evening, although stormy, found a good audience assembled to enjoy the exercises of an interesting Sunday-school anniversary, the chief attraction being an address by our editor on the theme which he loves so well. Sheriff Horatio Herrick, of Lawrence, Mass., added much to the interest of the occasion by his presence and happy remarks.

Monday evening was set apart for a "temperance anniversary," which was peculiarly appropriate, in a church representing a denomination that has been "the vanguard" in the philanthropic cause of this important reformation.

Tuesday evening Chaplain McCabe carried his audience by storm, and convinced the most skeptical that to a man of his faith and pluck there was even a "bright side to life in Libby prison." Wednesday morning, the Chaplain held a "Church Extension practical meeting." The collection amounted to over fifty dollars, and a stranger present remarked that he should have felt it his duty to give that amount himself if he had possessed it at the time. Wednesday evening, the festival closed with a "reunion." The Presiding Elder of Portland district, Rev. P. Jacques, presided and called the roll of pastors. Rev. A. P. Hillman, who together with the sainted Daniel Fuller, was the first Conference appointment to Alfred, was present and responded to his name. Revs. D. B. Randall, A. P. Hillman and A. Hatch spoke for the departed ones, and the present pastor read letters from former pastors still living who were unable to be present. One of these letters was a characteristic one from Rev. John Collins, who was pastor in 1853; it being full of hits, the most telling of which was a presentation at its close of a beautiful gift to Miss Laura Allen, who, a babe at the time of his pastorate, received the Christian name of his daughter. A large company of ladies of the society, and toasts and speeches followed. The entire occasion was a success, and will afford many a pleasant memory in after days.

C. W. BRADLEE.

### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

**Gloucester.**—We hear there is a prosperous condition of things in the M. E. Church of this city. The pastor, Mr. C. W. Bradlee, since the year commenced sixteen new members have been added to the Church.

The Baptists of Milford have lately put a new boiler into their church and will hereafter heat it by steam. The old furnaces were insufficient. The new apparatus works admirably thus far.

Rev. Wm. Eakins, pastor of the M. E. Church at Keene, lately spent twenty-four hours in Concord, and received a warm greeting from his old and attached parishioners. He speaks hopefully of his Church at Keene. The interest on the debt is being promptly met, and the affairs of the Church generally are quite encouraging. The congregation is large, and the Sunday-school very flourishing. A resolute effort is to be made before many months to remove the entire debt, which now stands at something less than \$16,000. Only a few Churches have yet taken the collection for Keene which was pledged.

The M. E. Churches at Sunapee, Grantham, and Canaan St. are enjoying each a most interesting course of lectures. The different pastors—Rev. Chas. Pickles, and Hillman—lecture in each course. B. W. Chase gave his lecture on "Home" at Grantham, on the evening of Dec. 13. The lecture is a fine one, worthy of the author's high scholastic and literary abilities, and the people were pleased and profited. Rev. J. D. Pickles, of Winthrop, Mass., has recently made a visit to his brother-in-law at Grantham, and preached and lectured, much to the enjoyment of the people. His lecture, "John Knox, the Scotch Reformer," is highly finished and practical, and cannot fail to interest and instruct.

The anniversaries of the M. E. Sunday-school Union and Tract Society held in Manchester, Dec. 13-16, drew a fair gathering of ministers and people. Perhaps forty preachers of this Conference were present at a greater or less portion of the exercises. But few were able to pass the Sabbath. The absence of Dr. Fowler, who was expected and advertised, on account of illness, was a great disappointment to every one. Those present from abroad, by whom the exercises were mainly conducted, were Rev. H. Vincent, D. D., J. M. Freeman, D. D., Rev. B. T. Vincent and Rev. J. L. Hurlbut. The ministers from out of town were well entertained, and all the arrangements for the exercises were excellently attended to by the resident pastors. The opening exercises were held in St. Paul's Church Saturday evening, Dec. 13. Rev. G. W. Norris called the meeting to order. The Scriptures were read by Rev. O. S. Baket; and Rev. G. W. Rutland, of Greenland, offered prayer. Dr. Vincent then introduced Dr. Freeman and Rev. J. L. Hurlbut, who made addresses. At 9.30 Sunday morning a Sunday-school Conference was held, Dr. Vincent presiding, at which "The Sunday-school Teacher and his Work before, during and after the Lesson Hour, and the Influence of his Daily Life upon his Sunday-school," was the theme discussed. At 10.45 Dr. Vincent preached to a large congregation in Music Hall. At 3 p. m. another Sunday-school conference was held, in which a number took part. Dr. Freeman preached in St. Paul's Church at 6 p. m., and at 7.30 a large meeting held in Smyth's Opera House was addressed by Dr. Vincent and J. L. Hurlbut. At 9.30 Monday morning, "Sunday-school Officers and their Work," was discussed at a conference presided over by Dr. Freeman. At the close of this conference Rev. B. T. Vincent gave an address on "Children's Meetings," at 3.30 p. m., the anniversary of the Tract Society was held. J. L. Hurlbut presided, and Dr. Freeman and Vincent spoke. Afterwards a conference on the tract cause was held. In the evening the anniversary of the Sunday-school Union occurred. J. L. Hurlbut spoke on "Trained Workers in the Sunday-school;" B. T. Vincent on "Teacher and the Lesson;" and J. H. Vincent on Christian Culture. At 9.30 A. M. Tuesday, Dr. Freeman gave an address on "The Duties of Pastors in the Sunday-schools," and was followed by a general session. J. L. Hurlbut spoke on "Lesson Helps." At 3 p. m. B. T. Vincent spoke on "Normal Schools as a Means of Preparation for Teachers," and the very interesting and profitable series of meetings was brought to a close with appropriate remarks from J. L. Hurlbut and Dr. Freeman. We trust the good effects of the anniversary will be seen in the new interest shown throughout the Conference in these two important societies. May our State and Conference again be so favored at no far distant day!

## Zion's Herald

FOR THE YEAR 1880.

PRICE REDUCED  
From \$2.70 to \$2.50.  
INCLUDING POSTAGE.

New Subscribers who will forward their names shall receive the HERALD free the remainder of the year; and on receiving the full amount of the subscription price, their papers will be marked paid to Jan. 1, 1881.

Those who wish to subscribe, and do not find it convenient to pay now, can order the paper at once and forward the money between this and Jan. 1st.

Money can be forwarded by post-office orders, or bank checks; or, when these modes of sending are not available, the currency can be forwarded by mail at our risk.

We earnestly appeal to every minister to make an effort to increase the number of subscribers to Zion's HERALD on his charge.

Each issue contains articles from a great variety of pens, affording the most valuable information upon all the important topics of the day, while it never loses sight of the fact that it is a family paper, a religious paper, and a Methodist paper.

### Magazines and Weeklies.

For the convenience of all our subscribers, who may wish to take the leading Magazines and Weeklies, arrangements have been made with the publishers, so that they can be ordered on the following favorable terms with ZION'S HERALD. The first column of figures gives the price of the publication per year, and the second the price of the two, including ZION'S HERALD.

	\$4.00	\$6.00
Harpers Monthly	4.00	6.00
Weekly	4.00	6.00
Scribner's Monthly	4.00	6.00
Atlantic	4.00	6.00
National Repository	3.00	4.00
Golden Hours	3.00	4.00
St. Nicholas	3.00	4.00
American Artisan	1.50	2.50

If any of the above publications are wanted, the money must accompany the order. ZION'S HERALD will be sent free to new subscribers the remainder of the year. All who wish to subscribe can send their orders at once, and forward the subscription any time before Jan. 1st, but none of the above periodicals will be sent until the money is received. Address

A. S. WEED, Publisher,  
36 Bromfield Street, Boston.

### Business Notices.

**Drs. Strong's Remedial Institute,**  
SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

This Institute for Winter and Summer health resort is beautifully located, and is furnished with every comfort and remedial appliance requisite for the treatment of Nervous, Lung, Female and Chronic diseases. It is patronized by leading men in church and state. For full particulars, send for circular.

A lady after reading Mrs. Wiley's statement came to our store and bought a bottle of Hodge's Sarsaparilla for her mother who lives in Maine, saying she was a great sufferer from scrofulous sores and must be worse than Mrs. Wiley was possible. A few days since she came for two bottles more, saying her mother had felt so well for weeks, and it is helping her wonderfully." Sold by druggists, C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

**Consumption Cured.**  
An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India physician the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for Consumption, Brucella, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful cures in cases of this kind, he is now offering it to the public, and is ready to send it to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using, sent by mail for address, with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERMAN, 140 Power Street, Rochester, N. Y.

If you wish to get rid of your Cough, use Porter's Cough Balsam. 15c.

### Church Register.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Preachers' Meeting at Stratford Hollow, N. H., Jan. 5-8

Preachers' Meeting at Marlboro, Mass., Jan. 20-23

Preachers' Meeting and Four Days' Meeting at Williamsburg, Va., Jan. 20-23

Montpelier Dis. Preachers' Meeting, at Gayville, Jan. 26-28

SPRING CONFERENCE—1880.

PLACER, TIME, BISHOP.

New York, New York, March 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, April 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, May 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, June 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, August 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, September 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, October 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, November 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, December 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 1880.

### QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

LYNN DISTRICT—FOURTH QUARTER.

JAN.—2, South Lawrence; 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Feb. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, March 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13,



## The Family.

### THE LOST IDOL.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

A mist came up from the sea;  
And silently over the land it spread;  
And over the homes of the silent dead;  
It covered my tears and me.

I sat by my idol's grave;  
And I thanked the Lord for the sea-born mist  
That cooily my fevered forehead kissed,  
And a welcome shelter gave.

Above me a hemlock spread  
Its feathery branches of emerald green;  
And hidden away in its fragrant screen  
Was a mourner for my dead.

'Twas a little waiting bird,  
And still, as my tears fell fast and free,  
For every mourn from that temple tree  
An answering moan I heard.

I had hidden from human sight  
No friend nor lover above the ground  
Could feel my smart, or could heal my wound;  
Could shed on my darkness light.

For he that was lying low—  
No silver thread in his clustering hair;  
No trace of time on his face most fair,  
Seemed lost in the endless woe.

Deep under his grassy bed,  
Where pansies and violets bloomed and smiled,  
Had gone to his slumber, with sin defiled,  
My latest, my fairest dead.

He had filled my heart with pride,  
I had worshiped only my god of clay;  
The Lord Almighty seemed far away,  
Till the day my idol died.

Mine! mine! he was my mine!  
The sun of my day! The moon of my night!  
My glory and blessing! my dream of delight!  
My treasure, my life was thine.

But what was my loss? my grief?  
My prince, my hero, my king of men,  
Had stained his name, and had fallen then,  
Defiant, in unbelief.

Oh! I can no longer wait,  
Mourn, little bird, in the hemlock tree;  
Forever and ever close over me,  
O merciful, sea-born veil!

I fell by my green grave's side,  
Pierced through my darkness the blessed voice  
That in life or death can my heart rejoice—  
The voice of my son that died.

"I am sent to comfort thee,  
Mine eyes, in closing, behold the Light;  
My soul, believing, grew pure and white;  
He will bring thee home to me."

Moonlight's Land.

### A "SITTING-UP" MEETING IN THE SOUTH.

BY RUTH POOL.

On the last night of the year 'I visited, with a company of friends, a church in a city of the South to attend a "sitting-up meeting" of the colored people, as it is called by them.

It was half past nine when we entered, and the church was filled. Faces of all shades were there, from ivory black to lily fair, but nearly all belonged to the race, in name, colored. The people were singing their simple and weird "spiritual songs."

The words were sung so indistinctly, or were so nearly drowned by the melody of many voices, that I could not hear them well. Many of these songs were composed mostly of a refrain repeated over and over, and affixed, not to an orderly stanza, but to every line or two, thus affording opportunity for continued repetition. I asked an "aunt," who certainly sang with spirit, though possibly not with the understanding also, "Who made the spiritual songs?" She replied: "Pears like Jesus, after He travel up and down all day, and sit down to rest at night, made de songs." If her faith was not "counted to her for righteousness," it was, at least, no sin.

I saw not only many shades of faces, but many colors and styles of dress. There was the old aunt of the time gone by, in gay turban, kerchief pinned about her neck, and large, plain apron. Sometimes these three articles were all white, and when the turban is arranged to stand quite high upon the head, it is said to be a sign that the wearer was once owned by a family of the aristocracy. When those who now wear the turban are gone, the style will go out, never to come round again.

The young generation have "no use," as the phrase is at the South, for the quaint attire. They are now jaunty in round hats turned up at the side, and in over-skirts, which, though most frequently made of calico, have the loopings and tie-backs of white Christians' gowns.

When we entered the church there was no minister in the pulpit, and none of the usual corps of laymen within the enclosure. A lamp stood beside the desk, as though some one were to do duty there. The congregation, though without any visible leader, was, in the main, orderly. Once an intoxicated man was led out. A brother, evidently an officer of the Church, must, we suppose, have seen other improprieties, as he approached the altar and requested the people to have respect for the house of God and not spit tobacco upon its floor—an exhortation often needed in many a white audience in hall and church.

The singing continued for more than an hour after we arrived. There was neither prayer nor relating of experience. From time to time

we observed companies of four or five persons leave their seats and go into a side apartment of the church, and after a few moments' absence return to the pews.

As we were quietly observing and listening, a stalwart woman, of color not very dark, and whose form and face showed force of frame and force of character, came to the pew in which I sat with one of my companions, and said to us in a manner of command, "Follow me!" I was almost alarmed, and whispered to my friend, "Shall we go?" She answered, "Yes;" and we both rose to follow the will of the weird woman. She led us, not into danger or a dungeon, but into that side room of the church where we had seen others enter. There we saw a bright fire in a grate, and beside it, on the hearth, a great pot of coffee. Here were some of the brethren and sisters of the Church, and two or three ministers. One of these we knew, and he introduced us to the colored friends about us, and among these to "Aunt Phillis," who, knowing that we were visitors, had summoned us in her peculiar manner to this social honor. She and one of her associate sisters soon offered us coffee and tea, and brought plates of crackers and buns. I had opportunity for a little talk with Aunt Phillis as we sat before the fire sipping our coffee. I found her as quaint and strong in language as she was in person and manner. We spoke of the old times and the new, and I asked whether in the years of slavery she had ever any hope of being free. She answered decidedly that she "always had," and added, "If you hope against hope, you wait for the salvation of God."

Brave Aunt Phillis! When freedom was announced in the city where she lived, she headed a procession of freed people who had assembled to make some demonstration of their joy. At eleven o'clock several ministers entered and took their seats in the pulpit, and other brethren took chairs within the enclosed space before it. One of the ministers then rose and said it was "time for the meeting to begin"—an announcement which seemed amusing to us who had been in our places there for an hour and a half, and supposed that the meeting had been all that time in session, although singing had, as yet, been the only exercise.

At this time the meeting was formally opened for exhortation, singing and prayer. One old man who was called upon to pray, did so with a great deal of fervor and noise. His best petition was: "O Lord, give us a shower to-night that will make us perfectly pure, and at the last receive us in a 'worl' that's got no end!"

One of the speakers exhorted his brethren thus: "Hole up your light! Let your light shine over all de worl." Just before 12 o'clock the minister in charge rose and said, "We have now five minutes of this year left; let us all kneel and pray till the midnight is passed." Then all the people fell upon their knees. For a few seconds there was solemn silence; but as the minister standing at the desk with watch in hand announced the end of each minute, the excitement of the people became audible and intense. It brought to mind the rising of waves upon the ocean in a coming storm. There were strangely mingled sighs and sobs, moans, groans, and ejaculations of grief and prayer. As the last seconds of the dying year were passing, there were stronger bursts of emotion. Some manifested their excitement by spasmodic laughter. There were demonstrations which met the eye as well as the ear of the observer. A woman's arm was thrown upward, and held thus, as straight and rigid as a shaft. In another direction, a woman gesticulated wildly, leaping up and down, and shouting "Glory! Glory!"

When it was announced, in the most solemn tone, that the old year was dead, the tumult was utterly indescribable. The "sitting-up meeting" was over for us visitors, and we were glad to go. Many of the congregation remained, to stay until morning. As we passed out, I said to Aunt Phillis, "You will be worn out if you stay till daylight." She answered: "There'll be time enough to rest in the grave."

### CHILDREN IN MEXICO.

BY MRS. SARAH ASTON BUTLER.

DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE: I would like to give you some idea of the condition of the children in Mexico. Our work lies mostly among the poor and lowly, as the wealthy Spanish people are bigoted Catholics and despise the Protestants. Many of the little ones go bare-footed. When one little orphan was brought here, some weeks ago, shoes were put on her feet, and the poor child hardly knew how to walk. For several days she

would often stumble, and when she went down-stairs, she held tightly to the banister and would put one foot down cautiously, and then the other would follow in like manner, till she managed to get down the whole length in safety; and the look of relief and satisfaction on her face was comical to behold.

How would the little girls at home, who have so many dresses, and who are robed in fine linen and embroidery, like to wear just two garments—a calico skirt and sack—which constitute the entire wardrobe of many a little girl in Mexico? They have neither carpets, beds nor furniture in their homes. They have no spoons, knives, or forks, nor even table-cloths. The family gather in a group in the centre of the floor and sit around a small frying-pan, under which are hot coals, and the victuals are passed round from hand to hand. At night they sleep on the floor with a mat of straw under them and sometimes a coarse blanket over them. I passed by a mountain some weeks ago, and there were great cavities in the sides of it in which families lived. Damp clay and craggy rocks were the only adornments, and there was not even a curtain placed in front of the cave to shield them from the cold wind or the gaze of people passing.

The children have no home training, but run wild and begin very early to follow in the footsteps of their parents in ways of wickedness. Yet they are taught to pray, "Our Father" and the "Ave Marias" as soon as they can lip a word; and they are carried to worship in infancy and are remarkable for their regular attendance on "mass" throughout their lives. They have no conception, however, of the sacredness of religious worship. The worship of the Virgin and saints is the prevailing one now. A few years ago the people bowed down to idols of wood and stone. Only six miles from a place we visited lately, but a short time ago, were four hundred idol temples, just in the one city. But now only one remains, and no worship is held there.

In another city we strolled into a Catholic church. We have a great many feast days here, when all business is suspended and the day is held in memory of some saint. This day was for St. Mary. On a raised platform was lying a figure of wax, with a velvet robe thrown over the form and a gilt crown upon the head. The women gathered about it and covered the body with fresh flowers, then knelt and muttered their prayers while the choir chanted, "Ascend to heaven." Then each woman and little girl rose and kissed its feet, and carried away a flower or two from off the form. They hope by these performances that the Virgin, or mother of Jesus, will intercede for them.

We cannot at once thoroughly change the ideas or eradicate the superstition from the minds of the elderly people. So our best hopes for the spreading of the Gospel lie in our schools and orphanages. Education in Mexico, of course, cannot be compared with that in our own country. Girls leave school about the age of eleven, having learned to read and write a little and make fancy work and embroidery, the latter being their principle aim and occupation. A book is probably never read through during the year, except it be the light, trashy literature peculiar to the country. Is not this a great contrast to the condition of our young ladies in the States, many of whom have graduated as teachers, lawyers, and medical doctors, and some of whom have creditably passed through a theological course and are filling our pulpits in the West?

In our orphanages we have children who have been taken from haunts of degradation and vice and who are now brought under Christian influences, and are fed, clothed and educated. They attend our services regularly, and are taught the catechism. A little girl in one of our day schools can repeat No. 1 Catechism from beginning to end, word for word. We study the same Sunday-school lesson every Sabbath as the children at home, following the Berean series. The boys and girls are very fond of music, and we sing a number of the Moody and Sankey tunes.

We were delighted with our visit to the boys' orphanage lately. We are hoping that many of these will in a few years go out among their own kindred and preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ. They are supported individually by persons or societies in the States. Sixty dollars a year feeds and clothes a boy in the primary department. They write often to their patrons at home in the Spanish, and their teacher sends a translation in English with it. They are given a name which is selected by the person or Sunday-school which sends the yearly support. One bright-eyed, mischievous little fellow ran by us in his plays and one of our party said: "There goes Bishop Simpson." It

was so amusing to hear those little chaps called by the names of great men. This orphanage, at present, has not the means to take any more boys.

But a sad circumstance has occurred which compels our superintendent to admit two more boys about twelve and nine years of age. A carpenter (a Protestant) who attended our services, fell while working on a building and was instantly killed. The oldest boy was lending him much assistance in his work. When he learned that his father was dead, his grief was uncontrollable. He seemed to take in the extent of his loss at once, and said to us that his mother had been dead seven years and they had suffered much ever since, but now there was a life-time of suffering all alone for him. After his grief had subsided a little, he began to look after his father's affairs. He said to Mr. Butler, "Senior, will you do me a favor? My father owed one man six dollars and another seventy-five cents. Will you please ask them to forgive the debt?" When we asked him, "Would you like to go to the boys' orphanage?" he looked at his old tattered garments and said, "Yes, very much. My papa said he would get me a new suit of clothes this Saturday, when he received his wages, but now he is dead and buried before Saturday comes."

He is a remarkable child for his age and considering the adverse circumstances of his childhood. We are trusting Providence to send us the means to educate him and his little brother. And their misfortunes may prove blessings to them and others. We earnestly ask the prayers of all the young people at home that the youths of Mexico may become bright and shining lights in the Master's vineyard.

### CHISEL WORK.

'Tis the Master who holds the mallet,  
And day by day  
He is chipping what'er he environs  
The form away;  
Which, under His skillful cutting,  
And slow shoddy  
Wrought silently out to beauty  
Of such degree  
Of fineness and full perfection,  
That angel eyes  
Shall look on the finished labor  
With new surprise;  
That even His latest patience  
Could give His own  
Features upon such fractured  
And crumbling stone.

'Tis the Master who holds the chisel;  
Or few, he set  
Its edge should be driven sharp,  
To fashion there  
The semblance that He is carving;  
Nor will He let  
One delicate stroke too many,  
Or few, he set  
On forehead or cheek, where only  
He sees how all  
Is tending—where the hardest  
And slow shoddy  
Which crumbles away whatever  
Superfluous line  
Would hinder His hand from making  
The work divine.

With tools of Thy choosing, Master,  
We pray Thee, then,  
Strike just as Thou wilt; as often,  
And where, and when  
The vehement stroke is needed.  
Nor will I mind,  
If only Thy chipping chisel  
Shall leave behind  
Such marks of Thy wondrous working,  
That all eyes shall see  
Clear carved on aspect, stature,  
And face, as will—  
When discipline's ends are over—  
Have all suffice  
To mould me into the likeness  
And form of Christ.

—MARGARET J. PRESTON, in S. S. Times.

### ONE YEAR.

It hardly seems possible that the months have glided by so rapidly. When the anniversaries came, I could scarcely believe the calendar, yet it must be so. The winds of early winter were blowing then, and the days were becoming shorter, bringing on earlier and earlier the shadows, precursors of the deeper gloom so soon to fall upon us. The autumn sun had been giving its last warm smile, and only the day before the pestilence announced its presence had made both their faces radiant with a beauty, in which, too, prophesied of another beauty so soon to illuminate their sweet countenances.

They had been singularly happy in each other's love. She, the mature maiden of eight, was full of care for him, whose sweet round face looked confidently up to hers in a thousand loving glances every day. She seldom hesitated about taking him out when permitted to do so, and he never looked prouder than when mounted in his carriage, his little cap upon his head and his tasty cloak folded about his form. So frequently was the pleasing scene repeated that the kind neighbors would feast their eyes thereon as they momentarily laid aside their toil to peer from the windows, or stopped to speak to them as they happily trundled and skipped along the highway; while even the passing stranger slackened the rein, and remarked upon the lovely picture. If so attractive here, with the dullness of earth enshrouding the picture, is it too fanciful to suppose that yonder, with white robes and shining forms, they are even now favorites at the court on high?

The younger left us first. As he rapidly sank under the fierce hand of the remorseless disease, he seemed very patient, scarcely moaning or crying once during the fifteen days of illness, but lovingly addressing his agonized parents with the endearing

"papa," "mamma," even when the death-sweating had nearly closed his little throat. As we discovered on that sad evening, by the first light of the early lamp, that he had suddenly left us, that his full eye had sunken, and his white cheek was paler than ever, there was a strange look of wonder upon his features. It seemed as if he had suddenly discovered something very new to his experience. We thought his sister gave a singular look when we took him to her bedside. She had loved him so dearly we were prepared for a manifestation of wild grief. But she simply looked at him with one long look of interest, and that was all. Eleven days later, when, at early morning, she lay with the marks of her last struggle depicted upon her pinched features, it appeared as if she might have had a presentiment that she would meet him soon. Who can dare to stand within the desolate home, and say that it is impossible that he could have met her at the gate and guided her to the wonders which had just opened to his gaze?

Was all this a year ago? How vividly these scenes are recalled! How indelible the impression made! The little toys and mementos were long since gathered up and laid away in the box of treasures, but even now daily reminders of the lost ones are forced to sight or mind. How every nook and crevice of a home becomes filled with the presence of a little one! Since this double disaster another, if possible more disastrous and distressing, has fallen upon the home, and yet the memory of the first is vivid and painful. Oh, what a void! Only they who tread the valley know.

This is no place to stop. There is One who has trodden that valley. In Him of Bethany is one who wept by a grave. He is not yet ready to speak to those reposing in the awful quiet of the double grave, but by faith we see Him and hear Him. Above the moan of grief and the surge of a sorrow which seems to know no ebb, speaks a tender and sympathetic voice. Its thrilling tones inspire the aching heart. What is the message? Oh! who would not hear it? "I am the resurrection and the life!" Thank God for such a hope as this! My dear ones live! When the burden has been borne, and the toil ended, I shall see them, and shall discover that in better hands than mine, under better conditions than are now possible, and with wiser tuition than earth could give, they will have been reared to a grander condition than manhood and womanhood.

"O, half we deemed he needed not  
The changing of her sphere,  
To give to heaven a shining one,  
Who walked an angel here.

"Unto our Father's will alone  
One thought has reconciled;  
That He whose love exceedeth ours  
Hath taken home His child."

### For Young and Old.

#### Only Fun.

.... He said her hair was dyed, and when she indignantly exclaimed, "Tis false!" he said he presumed so.

.... "Mamma, can't we have anything we want?" "Yes, my dears; but be careful and don't want anything you can't have."

.... "Layser (to witness): "Did you say that an incompetent man could keep a hotel just as well as anybody?" "Witness: "No; I said an inn-experienced man could."

Young men and girls, as you by night  
Inspect the silent stars—  
Orion, Saturn, Venus, and the rest—  
Beware of watchful Mars.

.... "Why," the boy asked, "do you blow down the muzzle of your gun?" "To see," replied the man, "if it is— And just then he discovered that it was."

.... A bachelor editor, who had a pretty unmarried sister, was commended by her pastor. "But what does he do?" "Do? Nothing! He's a workman."

.... "Joe, why were you so late last night?" "It wasn't so very late—only a quarter of twelve." "How dare you sit there and say that I was awake when you came in, and it was three o'clock?" "Well, isn't three a quarter of twelve?"

.... We heard recently the story of a washerwoman who, being such a regular and attentive listener to Sabbath worship and at the same time a devotee of the dance, was asked by her pastor, "Did you ever steal anything?" "And why don't you steal any more?" "Please, sir, I went to the mission school, and they told me there of God, and of heaven, and of Jesus; and they taught me 'Thou shalt not steal,' and I'll never steal again if my father kills me for it. But please, sir, don't tell him."

.... Among the replies to an advertisement of a music committee for a "candidate as organist, music teacher," etc., was the following: "Gentlemen, I noticed your advertisement for an organist and music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both, for several years, I offer you my services."

.... A Teuton in London was asked how he got on with his British clients. He meant to say that they were not quite so frank (or perhaps so green) as he had hoped, and he thus expressed it: "I do not meet with the candidly and unreservedly that I had been led to expect."—Harper's Bazar.

.... "Come here, sir, till I tan your jacket for you," said Currier to a truant pupil. The boy softly answered, "A soft tan, sir. The muscles of the teacher's face and arm relaxed, and the punishment was commuted to the admonition to be careful about playing hockey again. This is it that a soft tan, sir, turneth away wrath."

Items of Religious Thought.

.... "Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only. There are some people who are always to be seen where there is anything to be heard; never where there is anything to be done. They are all ears, and no hands."

Take the sunshine that may be  
In the skies spread over thee;  
Take the little bursts of bliss  
Possible in words like this;  
Take with songs of grateful praise,  
Love that blesses any days.  
These are parts of one great whole;  
But for that which fills the soul  
Wait awhile.

.... "A burning heart" was by Ambrose made the symbol of a Christian life. So long as the heart of real religion is watched, there is little peril from other sources. Tradition tells of a lamp for centuries kept burning night and day before the shrine of the Virgin in an ancient Roman palace, because it was believed that, should the vow be broken by which the sacred flame was lit, the palace and the estate that belonged to it would pass at once and forever away from the possessor.

.... A man is not saved because he is better than other men, but because he is in Christ and Christ is in him. He who is lost is not lost because he is worse than other men, but because he is not in Christ and Christ is not in him. Christ's obedience unto death imputed to us by God and received by faith—this is the way, and the only way, to holiness and heaven.—David Winfield.

.... Seek earnestly the faith of full assurance; and as a means to it, practice daily the faith of steady adherence. Love and obey God as faithfully as if you were absolutely certain of acceptance at last, and you will soon be certain of it here. "If any man will do the will of God, he shall know of the doctrine;" says our Savior, "the same is my brother and sister and mother."

SOWING AND REAPING.

One wept that his harvest was small,  
With little of fruit or of grain;  
While his neighbor, with barns running o'er,  
Still followed the full-freighted wain.

"How much didst thou sow?" I said,  
"Friend."  
"A handful of wheat less or more,"  
"And didst thou expect broad acres would bend  
To thy sickle from such scanty store?"

Who sparingly soweth, must look  
For little of fruit or of grain;  
Tis only the bountiful sower can reap  
A bountiful harvest again.

A lesson, I said, to thee, Son!  
For harvest time soon will be here;  
Sow with a bountiful hand lest thou weep at  
The last.

When the Lord of the harvest draws near  
—Selected.

### THE OLD YEAR.

Now the gray Old Year is dying,  
Sally winter winds are sighing  
Round him sad and low;  
Fast his sands of life are falling,  
Voices from the shadows calling,  
"Old Year, thou must go!"

Old Year, there was cause for grieving  
In the life which thou art leaving,  
Cause for bitter tears—  
Tears for many a promise broken,  
Tears for words unkindly spoken  
In beloved ears.

Friends have failed us, hopes have perished,  
Precious hopes most fondly cherished,  
Though the past has thus bereft us,  
May the future that is left us  
For the past atone.

Oh, the years that have been wasted!  
All earth's pleasures have been tasted—  
Pleasures that beguile—  
But with wild, unspoken longing  
For the purer visions glowing  
Round us all the while.

Friends, when time hath ceased forever,  
And from soul the body sever,  
In that awful day  
Can we meet the dead years' faces,  
Bearing of our lives the traces  
Ne'er to pass away?

Carved as if in stone, revealing  
Every hidden thought, concealing  
Naught of good or ill—  
Hear the Old Year gently pleading,  
"Oh, my solemn teachings heed,  
'Time is left ye still!"

For the gray Old Year is dying,  
Sally winter winds are sighing  
Round him aged and low;  
Fast the sands of life are falling,  
Voices from the shadows calling,  
And the Year is dead!

—Selected.

### A BOY'S LAST HYMN IN A GARRET.

A friend of mine, seeking for objects of charity, got into the upper room of a tenement-house. It was vacant. He saw a ladder pushed through the ceiling. Thinking that perhaps some poor creature had crept up there, he climbed the ladder, drew himself through the hole, and found himself under the rafters. There was no light but that which came through a bull's eye in place of a tile. Soon he saw a heap of chips and shavings, and on them a boy about ten years old.

"Boy, what are you doing here?"  
"Hush! don't tell anybody, please, sir."  
"What are you doing here?"  
"Hush! please don't tell anybody, sir; I'm a-hiding."

"What are you hiding from?"  
"Don't tell anybody, please, sir."  
"Where's your mother?"  
"Please, sir, my mother's dead."

"Where's your father?"  
"Hush! don't tell him, don't tell him! but look here!" He turned himself on his face, and through the rags of his jacket and shirt his friend saw that the boy's flesh was bruised and his skin was broken.

"Why, my boy, who beat you like that?"  
"Father did, sir!"  
"What did he beat you like that for?"

"Father got drunk, sir, and beat me 'cos I wouldn't steal."  
"Did you ever steal?"  
"Yes, sir; I was a street thief once!"

"And why don't you steal any more?"  
"Please, sir, I went to the mission school, and they told me there of God, and of heaven, and of Jesus; and they taught me 'Thou shalt not steal,' and I'll never steal again if my father kills me for it. But please, sir, don't tell him."

"My boy, you must not stay here; you'll die. Now you wait patiently here for a little time; I'm going away to see a lady. We will get a better place for you than this."

"Thank you, sir; but please, sir, would you like to hear me sing a little hymn?"  
Bruised, battered, forlorn, friendless, motherless, hiding away from an infuriated father, he had a little hymn to sing.

"Yes, I will hear you sing your little hymn."  
He raised himself on his elbow and then sang:—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,  
Look upon a little child;  
Pity my simplicity,  
Suffer me to come to Thee.

"Fain I would to Thee be brought,  
Gracious Lord, forbid it not,  
In the Kingdom of Thy grace  
Give a little child a place."

The gentleman went away, came back again in less than two hours, and climbed the ladder. There were the chips, and there were the shavings, and there was the boy, with one hand by his side, and the other tucked in his bosom underneath the little ragged shirt—dead.—London Christian.

## Religious Items.

The first Methodist Church at Akron, O., has raised \$20,000 to meet the indebtedness in full on their handsome church. On Sunday, Dec. 21, the Methodists of Portland gave a union meeting to Church Extension. The collection was \$250.

Rev. Ezekiah Smith, a superannuated member of the Northwest Indiana Conference, died at his residence in Indianapolis, Dec. 4, in the 74th year of his age.

The net proceeds of the late fair held by the Methodists of Philadelphia for the benefit of their Orphanage will be about \$15,000.

Rev. Dr. Nast and Rev. E. T. Wells, of Cincinnati Conference, and Rev. E. I. D. Pepper, of Philadelphia Conference, have retired from the National Camp-meeting Association. Rev. Samuel West, a local elder of the M. E. Church (an able and useful itinerant minister from 1809 to 1824), died recently at Olive Branch, O. He celebrated his hundredth anniversary February 14, 1879.

Rev. Dr. C. P. Krantz, vice-president of the University of Pennsylvania, has been requested by the Pittsburgh Synod of the Lutheran Church to undertake the preparation of a life of Martin Luther.

Rev. Dr. Deems has put up a mural tablet in the Church of the Strangers in N. Y. city with this inscription: "Erected to the glory of God and in memory of Cornelius Vanderbilt, by the Church of the Strangers."

It is reported that Rev. Robinson Scott, D. D., is about to resign the presidency of the Methodist College at Belfast, Ireland. This college has been greatly helped by contributions from American Methodists.

The Episcopal Cathedral of St. Peter and Paul at Chicago has been consecrated. Ten Bishops participated in the imposing ceremonies.

The Wesleyan Methodist Church of Ireland has decided to raise, for the benefit of education and home and foreign missions, \$100,000, to be called "The Thanksgiving Fund."

By a compromise between the heirs of the Henry C. Taylor estate and the trustees of the Chicago Home for the Friendless, the Home becomes possessed of the magnificent sum of \$230,000 in cash and first-class securities.

Rev. Dr. Jacob W. Diller, of St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal Church, in Clinton Avenue, has been made pastor emeritus by his congregation, having reached seventy years of age.

The fifteenth anniversary of the founding of the Lane Theological Seminary was celebrated Dec. 18 by the dedication of a new addition to the buildings, which cost \$20,000. The installation of Rev. Dr. Ellis to the chair of sacred rhetoric and pastoral theology took place at the same time.

Rev. Dr. J. O. Peck, pastor of St. John's M. E. Church, visited Lewiston, Me., recently and delivered his popular lecture on "Pluck ye Good Luck," of which the Lewiston Journal speaks in the highest terms. "The large audience was enchanted by his matchless eloquence throughout, and the genial play of human nature which revealed itself in some marvellous passages was too great for his hearers to resist, but carried the house with a fervor of enthusiasm."



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